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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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VOL. XL.

GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER INAUGURATED.

He Took the Oath of Office in the Presence of Many People.

MAGNIFICENT INAUGURAL PARADE.

Lieut. Governor Brown Duly Inducted Into Office and Hon. Bois Penrose Re-Elected United States Senator

Harrisburg, Jan. 20.—Samuel W. Pennypacker was to-day inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania to succeed William A. Stone. William A. Brown succeeded J. P. S. Gobin as Lieutenant Governor and Bois Penrose was elected by the General Assembly to succeed himself in the United States Senate.

The inaugural ceremonies of the Governor took place at noon. The inaugural parade was the finest in the history of the State capital. Immediately after these exercises the Lieutenant Governor was inducted into office. The House and Senate balloted separately this afternoon for the United States Senator. The Republicans voted for Senator Penrose and the Democrats for Col. James M. Guffey of Pittsburg.

Gov. Pennypacker, Lieutenant Governor Brown, the retiring State officials, judges of the courts, the executive inaugural committee, heads of departments and other invited guests were escorted from the executive mansion by the Governor's troop, Harrisburg, to the front of the capitol. The oaths of office were administered. As the [illegible] a salute of 17 guns was fired, the Governor read his inaugural address.

The inaugural festivities closed tonight with a public reception at the executive mansion, which was decorated with palms, ferns and laurels. Governor and Mrs. Pennypacker were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry P. Walton and John S. Scott of Philadelphia, the wives of members of the legislative inaugural committee and several Harrisburg ladies. Among the guests at the reception were many legislators and their ladies, the heads of departments, and other prominent Pennsylvanians.

The House reconvened at 3 o'clock to ballot for United States Senator. The nominees were Bois Penrose and James M. Guffey. The Republicans voted for Penrose and the Democrats for Guffey. Edwards of Bucks, Fusionist, voted for Walter E. Leedom of Bucks county. The vote in detail follows: Penrose, 156; Guffey, 42; Leedom, 1. Absent and not voting—Messrs Hitchcock and Palmer, Republicans; Ikeler, Sturne and Schultz, Democrats. Adjourned until to-morrow morning.

Small Fire Last Night.

At about 10 o'clock last night an alarm of fire was turned in and a large crowd quickly gathered on the streets but before the carts were fairly out of the hose house word was received that the fire, which was in the Chadwick block, was out.

Shortly before the alarm was turned in Dr. Chadwick smelled smoke in his apartments, over the Palace Pharmacy, and commenced a search. He was unable to find where the smoke was coming from and went down to the stores below, but still could find no cause. He then returned to his rooms with several men, where the smoke was still stronger but could find no fire. He then decided to send in an alarm.

About this time the doctor entered a store room and lighted a gas jet and discovered smoke coming from a pile of lap robes. The fire was quickly extinguished, the damage being about $10. Dr. Chadwick says he lighted that light early in the evening and he supposes that part of the head of a match flew into the robes causing the fire. It was a lucky escape from a serious fire.

George Smart Injured.

George Smart, a bottle blower in the Haines Flint Bottle factory, was seriously injured while working in the above named factory about 7:30 yesterday morning. At first it was thought that his back was broken, but later it was found to be only a severe strain.

While in the act of lifting a heavy bottle mould, which weighed about 135 pounds Mr. Smart slipped, giving his back a terrible wrench. He dropped the mould and sank to the floor in terrible pain and from the fact that he could hardly move any part of his body below the injury it was thought that his back was broken.

Medical assistance was telephoned for and Dr. Clark came and made an examination. Mr. Smart was placed on a stretcher and carefully carried to his home on Union street, where, after a more thorough examination it was decided that his back was not broken but severely strained. At last reports he was improving as fast as possible, but he will be laid up for some time.

Use the Redfield mantle.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Jeff Davis' valedictory proclamation of April 1, 1865. Whereas, in the course of inhuman Yankee events the capital of the Confederate States of America no longer affords an eligible and healthy residence for the members of the present cabinet, not to speak of the Chief Magistrate himself, the Vice President and the members of the two Congressional bodies, I do, therefore, by virtue of the power vested in my [illegible] proclaim my intention to travel instanter, in company with all the officers of the Confederate States government, and to take up such agreeable quarters as may yet be Granted unto me.

To such persons as are in arms against the Confederate States of America, I do hereby tender absolute amnesty on condition that they forthwith desist from annoying our patriotic population.

Under the circumstances, slavery had better be abolished.

The capital of the Confederacy will henceforward be "up a stump" on the picturesque banks of the celebrated "Last Ditch."

To the foreign subscribers to the Confederate loan I return sincere thanks.

Major General Grant, United States army, will please to see that they get their cotton.

All persons having claims against this government will please present them to Abraham Lincoln, Richmond, by whom all such accounts will be most cheerfully audited.

It is not at all [illegible] slaveholders' [illegible] have [illegible] Lee [illegible] has lately been fighting mostly for his last year's salary. The Confederate treasury being light, I think I will take it in my valise. [illegible] thanks that we have a good [illegible] and that we have seen the last of this fratricidal war. [illegible] Stephens thinks [illegible] more than ever.

If the United States persists in refusing to recognize the Confederacy, on my return I shall again urge the arming of the negroes.

Office seekers are respectfully solicited to cease their importunities. Cotton is the bean ideal, but hope is the reality. Fellow-citizens, farewell. JEFF DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America. Done at Richmond, April 1, 1865.

We are indebted to Mrs. Cowles for late news from the 21th Regt. From a letter from her husband, Capt. Warren Cowles, we learn that in one of the late fights before Petersburg Sergeant H. D. Hicks of Bradford township was killed instantly, his head being crushed by a shell. Sergeant Hicks was one of the best men this county ever sent into the service. He was a patriotic, estimable man and citizen and a devoted husband. His loss will be keenly felt by the citizens of Bradford township, particularly. His friends have our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement. In the same battle Lieut. Sparks of Co. C was killed and Lieut. Pelton was wounded, but we learn not seriously. Lieut. Sparks was a stranger to this community but we understand he was an excellent officer and his loss is much deplored by his comrades in arms. Capt. Cowles spoke of no other casualties in his company.

A gentleman who has been sojourning in our village for a few days past hands us the following as his estimate of our wealth and future. May his predictions prove correct is the prayer of the dwellers in this mountainous region: "The Artificer of the Universe as usual committed no error when He established the eternal hills of McKean. Those hills are covered with His magnificent trees and the sweet pastures for countless herds, and within those hills He has stored the reservoirs of nature, destined to warm through winter and cheer through summer the chosen apostles of the regenerated democracy of His favored land. Peace is established and the overcrowded dwellers of Europe can now fearlessly seek the predestined asylum of the western world and find within our borders the land of peace and plenty. Their sheep will graze, their grapes will ripen, their coal will glisten through the grates wrenched from the iron in their midst and the petroleum from the Devonian store house of nature will drop in their pockets the comforting assurance of peace and plenty. Mr. Editor, within six months of this you will acknowledge that the stranger penning this was as he ought to be."

It may not be generally known in this county that an act passed the Legislature at its law session creating an additional Law Judge for this (the Fourth) Judicial District. This new officer was created because of the feeble state of Judge White's health. The act authorizes the Governor to fill the office by appointment until the next election and Henry Williams, Esq., of Tioga county has been appointed. We understand he is a gentleman of fine legal attainments and will doubtless make a good judge.

M. C. STICKLES DROPS DEAD

At His Home in Keating Township Tuesday Morning.

HEART DISEASE CAUSES HIS DEATH.

He was an Aged and Respected Resident of the County—Brief Sketch of His Life

Miller C. Stickles died at his home in Keating township, about two miles east of this borough, about 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, aged 72 years and 28 days.

For a number of years Mr. Stickles has been troubled with a complication of diseases and it was known that his heart was affected. Monday he was feeling unusually bad and during the night he got up several times to take medicine. Between six and seven o'clock Tuesday morning he arose and while dressing he fell to the floor unconscious. His wife came to his side and Dr. Clark was summoned, but he expired where he fell, without regaining consciousness.

From the McKean county history we take the following in regard to his life: "Miller C. Stickles, farmer and lumberman, postoffice Smethport, is a son of Stephen and Elizabeth Stickles, and was born in Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y., on December 22, 1830. In 1836 the family moved to Waterloo, Seneca county, and thence, in 1838, to Yates county, N. Y., and in 1842 to Keating township, McKean county, Penn., where they located on a farm adjoining the one now occupied by Miller C. Here the parents reared their family of six children, named as follows: Jacob F., Catharine M., George A., Miller C., Hiram S. and Lydia E. The father died in August, 1865, and his widow then made her residence with our subject up to her death, February 16, 1880. Miller C. returned to Columbia county, N. Y., in 1852, and in May of that year married Miss Catharine E., daughter of W. H. Herd. He remained the following summer in Columbia county, working for his uncle, Jacob L., at $17 per month, until November 1, when, with his wife, he returned to McKean county, Penn., and settled on the farm he still lives on and engaged in lumbering and clearing up his place. His first purchase was a contract for twenty-four acres, then in the hands of a third party, with about two acres improved. As fast as he acquired means he bought of his neighbors who wanted to go west and in this manner secured five different lots, which comprise his present homestead. * * In addition to the homestead he owns several other farms, some timber land and considerable village property. In politics Mr. Stickles is a Republican and has filled many official positions in the township, in fact he is one of the most substantial and influential citizens."

The funeral services will be held at the Union church in East Smethport at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, Rev. P. S. Calvin of the Baptist church officiating. His remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Five Boys Killed.

A dispatch from South Bethlehem, Pa., dated Jan. 15, says:—Five boys whose ages ranged from 13 to 15 while coasting to-night were struck by a train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad and instantly killed and another was fatally injured. The dead: Dennis McGinley, John Coyle, Owen Cahill, Patrick Cahill. An unknown boy who was mangled beyond recognition. John Heubrer, the sixth victim, is said to be at the point of death. The boys were coasting on a bobsled. The railway crosses the street at the bottom of the hill and the sled and express train reached the crossing simultaneously. The engineer was not aware of the tragedy until he reached the station a mile distant from the scene of the accident, when the blood and bones on the pilot of the engine gave him the first intimation of the occurrence.

Ryan's Body Exhumed.

The body of John Ryan, the man recently shot by Mrs. Edward Burdick, at Olivedale, was exhumed Monday and an autopsy performed under the supervision of Coroner Hall. The track of the bullet, which was found in the abdominal cavity, was first through a rib and thence through the lower portion of both lungs, which were also punctured by portions of the rib. It had severed the vena cava, or principal vein of the body, thus causing death in a few moments. It was also noted from the powder marks on the coat that the weapon must have been held very close to the person of Ryan when discharged, thus bearing out the story of the defendant as to the manner of the shooting.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

For Sale.

A dining table and sideboard, nearly new; also a heating stove. Call on or address R. E. BURDICK, Smethport, Pa.

Buy a Food Chopper. It will save its cost many times. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Bowling Matches

The Smethport Athletic Club bowling team journeyed to Bradford Saturday last and rolled the second game of a series with the Commercial Travelers' team of that city. The game was rolled at the Central hose house, and the change of alleys brought down Smethport's average and they were beaten 89 pins. The writer, having rolled the magnificent total of 307 pins in three games, was sentenced to the cheerful task of giving this account to the MINER. As it is something in the nature of a man writing his own obituary notice it will be made as brief as possible.

After the match the Bradford team conducted their visitors to the Capitol Hotel where an elegant lunch was served. The Bradford bowlers are gentlemen in every sense of the word and it is a pleasure even to meet defeat at their hands. The Smethport team arrived home Sunday and were loud in their praises of the treatment accorded them in the city over the hill.

Another match will be rolled between the two teams on the Smethport alleys Saturday, Jan. 31. The score follows:

Bradford	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
Singleton	173	158	136	155⅔
Mundy	124	143	107	124⅔
Wick	121	128	111	121
Tainer	147	143	144	144⅔
Pearson	211	127	171	169⅔
Rokenbrode	137	166	111	138
	916	865	780	

Smethport	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
T. H. Purtl	158	136	152	135
Johnson	158	141	172	157
Knapp	91	107	109	102⅓
Bell	166	125	130	133⅔
F. Purtle	151	131	112	131⅓
Keefer	190	144	150	161⅓
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	

Harry Henderson's picked bowling team which met the Smethport Band team at the Athletic club alleys last Thursday evening also met with a crushing defeat on the aforesaid platform, the former team securing [illegible] pins against the Band boys' [illegible]. Following is the score by games:

Picked Team	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
Henderson	117	136	148	134
Bell	111	148	144	134⅓
Backus	150	111	—	132
Rogers	—	—	111	111
Johnson	116	191	146	151
Lewis	130	154	142	141⅓
	624	663	691	

Band Boys	1st	2d	3d	Ave.
R. K. Knapp	180	130	158	156
N. H. Knapp	163	124	168	151⅔
T. H. Purtle	158	163	200	173⅔
Frank Purtle	150	140	111	144⅓
Servatius	150	128	124	132⅓
	801	680	794	

An Exciting Runaway.

On Saturday evening a horse belonging to Abe Wick of Simpson ran away and created considerable excitement on Main street.

When Mr. Wick was getting into his cutter at East Smethport the horse became frightened and started to run before he could get hold of the lines. The beast ran up Main street at a terrific rate and at the corner of Fulton street turned onto the sidewalk in front of Wm. Monheimer's store. In front of Walkinshaw's store the sleigh struck Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison, knocking her down, but fortunately she escaped without injury. The animal then made a turn for the road, but the cutter struck a telephone pole, completely demolishing it, and the horse's course was turned back onto the sidewalk and the beast was captured in front of M. L. Armstrong's store. Mr. Wick procured another cutter and drove home that night.

Henderson-Holleran Nuptials.

On Monday afternoon, January 19, 1903, at the rectory of St. Stephen's Episcopal church in Olean, N. Y., the Rev. J. W. Ashton spoke the words which made Miss Theresa Holleran and Mr. Harry Robert Henderson of this place man and wife.

The bride is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who has been the companion to Mrs. E. H. Colegrove, for the past year and a half, and the groom is a popular young man of this place, who has been employed in this office most of the time for the past three years.

The happy couple returned home Monday evening and are receiving the best wishes of their many friends.

Forgot Her Husband's Name.

The other day a newly married couple who reside in Smethport were walking down the street when they met a gentleman friend of the young lady. After a friendly greeting the bride attempted to introduce the men, saying, "Mr. ——— allow me to introduce my husband, Mr. er-ah." Then turning to her lord and master, she said, "What is your name anyway?" No, it was not because she really did not know his name, but in their brief honeymoon she had become so accustomed to calling him pet names that for the time she could not think of his right name.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"JIM" TILLMAN'S COWARDLY ACT.

Lieut. Gov. of South Carolina Shoots Editor Gonzales to Death.

UNPROVOKED ACT OF AN ASSASSIN.

Gonzales Dies on Monday. Tillman is in Jail—Great Sorrow in Columbia.

James H. Tillman, Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina and a nephew of United States Senator Tillman, shot and dangerously wounded N. E. Gonzales, editor of The State, a newspaper which had opposed Tillman at the primaries last fall. The shooting occurred in Columbia Thursday afternoon and the victim died Monday afternoon.

Mr. Gonzales was on his way from his office to his home. At the corner of the two principal streets of the city, under the shadow of the state capitol, he met Tillman coming from a meeting of the State Senate. Tillman was accompanied by two state senators and two other politicians were just behind. Mr. Gonzales, wishing to avoid the necessity of meeting Tillman directly was walking on the opposite side of the pavement. Before those around were aware of any movement on Tillman's part, the latter drew a magazine revolver and fired at Mr. Gonzales. The ball entered the right side, below the nipple, and ranged across the body and downward, coming out through the watch pocket on the left side. When he fired Tillman exclaimed: "I took you at your word."

Mr. Gonzales staggered to a doorway and as Tillman pointed the revolver in his face the stricken man defiantly said: "Shoot again, you dirty coward."

Tillman was immediately arrested by the police. He had a Colt's revolver in addition to the magazine pistol. Mr. Gonzales was taken to the office of the State, a few doors away, and coolly and dispassionately narrated the circumstances. Tillman declined to talk.

From the State office Mr. Gonzales was taken to the hospital, where it was found that an immediate operation was necessary. In the operation the surgeons found that the ball had passed across the body cutting four gashes in the intestines.

Editor Gonzales died from the effects of his wounds at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. Col. Tillman received the news at the jail without any expression of emotion and refuses to talk on the matter. Telegrams of sympathy have been sent from all parts of the state as well as from many places in the United States and a deep shadow of sorrow was cast over the city of Columbia.

The ill feeling between Tillman and Gonzales has been brewing for some time and followed a severe denunciation of Tillman which Gonzales made in the columns of his paper and on the stump through the state. The trouble between the two men, however, first grew out of a fist fight between United States Senator Tillman and Senator McLaurin on the floor of the United States Senate.

To Major Micah Jenkins, who had served with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba and who had won a record for bravery and merit, was to have been presented a sword by the people of South Carolina in recognition of his bravery and fame which he had won for his state in the Spanish war. The presentation was to have been made by the Lieutenant Governor-elect, Tillman, who shot Gonzales.

When President Roosevelt withdrew the invitation to a state dinner in Washington which he had sent Senator Tillman, because of the fight the latter had in the United States Senate, Lieutenant Governor Tillman refused to present the sword to Lieutenant Jenkins.

Mr. Gonzales took up the matter through the columns of his paper, the State, and bitterly denounced Tillman. He repeated the denunciations made previously on many different occasions and dared Tillman to deny the charges which he made. The charges were spread all over the South and made a deep impression, many uncomplimentary remarks being made in the press of the country because Tillman did not resent the charges.

About two months ago Tillman sent a letter to Gonzales, enclosing a formal challenge for a duel and offered to resign his position as Lieutenant Governor if Gonzales would meet him on the field of honor. The challenge was spurned.

The feeling between the two men was very deep and bitter and although they had never before had a personal encounter, trouble was expected, and the friends of the two men had been looking for a serious outcome of the case.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Horse blankets and robes. Low prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Salvation Army.

The people of the Baptist church are in the midst of what promises to be the mightiest revival of religion Smethport has experienced within the memory of most of her citizens. In this work this church is assisted by a brigade of Salvation Army workers.

The character of these workers is a surprise to most of our citizens. The leaders are preachers of rare ability and the assistants are persons of refinement and tact. Their appeal is not to the emotions, but to the reason. There is a gratifying absence of sensation. The work is eminently sane, but a profound conviction is evident in every service.

The work began Wednesday evening of last week, when a small audience of 100 people assembled to hear Brigadier W. A. McIntyre of Buffalo, who commands the Western New York and Northwestern Pennsylvania Province of the Salvation Army. Until Monday night the meetings were in charge of Adjutant J. Donells McIntyre, sister of Brigadier McIntyre, who instantly made a friend of everyone who heard her, by the ability of her preaching, the sweetness of her spirit and her evident sincerity and piety. The meetings doubled in two nights. Sunday was a crowded day. Monday evening Staff-Captain Barter of Syracuse, N. Y., a divisional officer having charge of the territory from Rochester east to the Connecticut line, arrived and immediately took charge of the meetings. A crowded house greeted her, and the next evening the spacious auditorium of the church was packed.

The evangelistic campaign will continue some time. Meetings are held every night in the week. Sunday afternoons a service is held in the Union church, East Smethport.

Country people should take advantage of the fine sleighing and attend all these meetings.

Additional chairs will be procured, the Sunday school room opened and every effort made to accommodate the crowds who come.

P., S. & N. R. R. News.

There is considerable activity along this branch of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad at the present time and it looks very much as though the connecting link between Marvindale and Clermont would be completed by early spring.

This part of the road is the most expensive on the line, one mile of the distance costing over $100,000. Within this mile are three fills, one of which is about 1,500 feet long, 100 feet high and 300 feet at the bottom at the deepest point in the gorge which it crosses. An arched stone culvert seven feet wide and six feet high passes under this fill to carry away the water of the brook which runs down this valley. The other fills are smaller but are equally as well made.

A corps of engineers has been working along the line between Marvindale and Coryville, making preparations for improving the track before the new branch is connected up.

The question of where the new depot for this place is to be located is again being agitated. There are two locations spoken of now. One is at the foot of Washington St., south of the Kushequa depot, and the other is at the corner of Water and Mechanic streets. It is claimed that the former location would give that road the better switching and yard possibilities, while the latter would be more convenient for the passenger traffic. We understand the location has not yet been decided on and if the patrons of the road at this place have any preference they should make their desires known to the officials before it is too late.

An Unfortunate.

Jacob Ergot, who for the past five years has worked in the woods about Hazelhurst, keeping bachelor's hall, recently displayed symptoms of insanity, which have gradually became more pronounced until the past week, when his mind gave way completely, and it became necessary for his friends to take charge of him.

On last Saturday, Jabe and William Field, who reside near the shanty in which Ergot made his home, and who have taken considerable interest in his case, went to his dwelling, where they found him lying in a stupor, while upon a table in the room was about $800 in cash and in one place and another they discovered bank books showing balances on deposit to the credit of Mr. Ergot, to the aggregate of $3,200, in different banks of this locality. Ergot was aroused with considerable difficulty and taken to the home of Jabe Fields, where he was watched over until a brother, who lives at Pocono, Pa., was communicated with. The brother arrived during the week, and on Thursday the unfortunate man was taken to that place, where he will be placed in a retreat in hopes that his senses may be restored. Ergot was a sober, industrious man of good habits, and his condition has awakened deep sympathy on every side.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Use the Redfield mantle.

BUSCOE'S PROTEGE

By Richard Kann

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Crystal Falls never did amount to much as a show town. The capacity was $500, with chairs in the aisles, but even at that a performance without a leading man was not to be thought of. And Hampton simply couldn't play that night and maybe not for several nights. A man who can't speak above a whisper isn't useful as a romantic lover on the stage, and since Buscoe was the sort of stage manager who didn't believe in carrying people on half salaries over the circuit on the chance that the leads would break down Hampton had no understudy.

So it was planned to give Crystal Falls a "show," as Crystal Falls loved to call it, with Buscoe playing opposite his daughter, who was on the printed stuff as Marie Hamilton. Buscoe was twenty years too old for the part and didn't look the young lover any more than the character man did. But it was Crystal Falls, and Buscoe was resourceful.

He did a resourceful thing when he became stage manager of the production in which his daughter played the leads. He was able in that manner to disguise his duties as a father under the [illegible] powerful title of stage manager. It was believed by the company that a love affair was at the bottom of it; but, strangely enough, there were no details. It was known that his daughter, a beautiful girl, had fallen in love with a stage door adorer a year before. Fearful lest in his capacity as a mere father he would be unable to prevent a clandestine courtship [illegible] marriage, he traveled with her. Nobody apparently except Miss [illegible] knew who the man was. [illegible] his nerves by reason of [illegible] intercepted notes, but [illegible] personal interview. He lived at Marie's hotel, escorted her to the theater and [illegible] to be entertained on [illegible] was a member of the party. If there was any truth in the story, Marie behaved remarkably well for an actress who possessed youth and temperament.

At any rate her wounded heart, if she had one, never bled in public. Hampton, her leading man, had a wife and was one of Buscoe's few intimate friends. He was a [illegible] actor, with a deep, resonant voice, and invariably got good notices, although he would have been as willing to play the last act of "Camille" in a [illegible] season set in summer stock as he would to have it in white.

Buscoe called a rehearsal before he essayed to play the part, but he wouldn't hold the manuscript while he ran over the scenes, and the result was that in the second act climax he went to pieces. He stood center with his arms outstretched to receive Marie with his mouth wide open.

"I beg your pardon," came from the wings, "but your line there, Mr. Buscoe, is, 'If I should say goodby, little girl.'"

It was Jennings, the new property man, picked up at Kansas City three weeks before, when he didn't know a prop from a bunch light. He was a Buscoe protege at $16 a week when the union scale was $25. But even at that he didn't look like a property man. But he had come around with a desire to do anything in the company except to play a part, and he knew the play, he said, backward. Buscoe was looking for people who didn't care what their salaries were, and after Jennings had told him that "the compensation was of no consequence so long as he could live upon it" Buscoe had him on the salary list.

He was delightfully green, but at the end of three weeks he was a gem. Then he began to show signs of becoming a jewel.

"The doorkeeper," he said one day to Buscoe, "is refusing bouquets for Miss Hamilton. Now, why couldn't he pick out the roses and allow me to use them instead of the prop bouquet in the second act?"

To which the resourceful Buscoe replied: "Course. Use orchids if you want to. Only rip the cards off. I don't want any notes from anybody in the front of the house getting in here to my daughter."

After that Miss Hamilton frequently had real roses instead of rubber ones, and real roses were an improvement, especially since the business required Miss Hamilton to sniff them lovingly several times.

But the further utility of Jennings hadn't occurred to Buscoe until the interruption at the Crystal Falls rehearsal.

"See here, Jennings," said Buscoe suddenly. "Did you ever act?"

"N-o-o-o," said Jennings slowly; "I never did."

"Do you know the part?" resourceful Buscoe asked quickly.

"Yes," said Jennings positively; "I think I do. I've heard it every night for a month."

"Marie," he said, "this is Mr. Jennings. We are in Crystal Falls. Try a scene with him. Maybe he'll do to go on tonight."

She smiled as she took his hand. "I am very glad," she said, "that papa has introduced you." Turning to Buscoe, she added, still smiling: "He does look the part, doesn't he? Let's try it."

Well, one trial convinced Buscoe that he was safe—for Crystal Falls. There was only one thing badly wrong with the new man. "You must remember," Buscoe told him, "that the twenty-five cent seats have a right to hear just as well as the front rows. When you make stage love, make it loud." And after that Jennings reached them easily.

That night he had three curtain calls for his first good scene at the end of the first act, something that had never happened to Hampton. Buscoe disliked to admit that he was astonished. He had watched the scene carefully, prepared to use the prompt book, but the manner in which Jennings [illegible] the scene was marvelous. "He couldn't have done better," thought Buscoe, "if he meant every word he spoke."

He was in the act of congratulating himself once more upon his extreme foresight when a boy carrying a box of flowers walked hurriedly through the stage door and almost into his arms.

"Who ordered these things?" roared Buscoe.

"A man from the show," sniffed the boy.

If Buscoe was anything at all, he was resourceful. Dragging the boy to the side entrance, he pointed at Jennings. "Is that the man?" he asked him.

"That's him," said the boy. "I seen him do it."

"Send them back," said Buscoe.

He could hardly wait to ring down to pounce upon the [illegible] property man.

"A boy came in here, Mr. Jennings," he said, "with a box of roses. You know the rules. I sent them back."

"Haven't I the right," asked Jennings very calmly, "to send flowers to myself if I wish?"

Buscoe was speechless. "Of course you have," he began, "but"—

"And I have also the right, I believe," interrupted Jennings, "to send flowers to my wife. When you assumed to carefully guard your daughter from the man you knew she loved, a year ago, you made her promise not to marry him until you were sure enough of him to introduce him to her yourself. You thought you'd never do that, but you did introduce him this afternoon. She married him at 5 o'clock. She had no flowers at her wedding, so I thought it would be nice for her to have them tonight instead. I am very sorry you sent them back."

"Your name is Clark," asked Buscoe. "Robert Clark?"

"I had [illegible] stage name, didn't I?" asked Jennings.

"And you're"—

"Your son-in-law, my friend!"

"Well," said Buscoe, always resourceful, "I never saw a man play the lover any better. You'll stay until the end of the season, won't you?"

Cautious Courtship.

Janet had ruled the domestic affairs of a Boston family for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," said Janet briefly.

"And had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me, 'Janet, have you the recipe here in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach?' I knew well the time was drawing short.

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, I had the recipe copied in a little book of my own,' and I saw the gleam in his eye I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me."—Youth's Companion.

Water Before Meals.

While the general opinion of those supposed to be authorities on this matter has been that the habit of drinking water at meals is a deleterious one, it is now stated, according to recent investigations, that a little water, if not too cold, is beneficial, as it assists in the digestion of food. A too copious supply of water dilutes the gastric juice, and if too cold it lowers the temperature of the stomach below normal, thus impairing digestion. If, however, water is taken in limited quantities, the peptones formed by the action of gastric juice on food will be washed aside, thereby facilitating absorption. By this means the undigested food is laid bare and is more susceptible to further action of the gastric juice. During the period of rest phlegm, being very tenacious, prevents the free flow of gastric juice for some time, hence delays digestion. A drink of water before meals is recommended because it loosens and washes away this deposit of mucus, thereby permitting the gastric juice to attack the food as it enters the stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Benedict Arnold In 1775.

The prestige of Arnold at the beginning of the Revolution is thus reflected in Professor Justin H. Smith's description in the Century of the heroic "battle with the wilderness" in the march to Quebec, under Arnold's command:

The name of the leader, too, excited enthusiasm. Dorothy Dudley and the rest of the ladies in Cambridge loved to gossip about a man whom they described as "darlingly and desperately brave, sanguinely hopeful, of restless activity, intelligent and enterprising," gay and gallant, and the soldier lads told one another admiringly how he marched through the wicket gate at old Ticonderoga shoulder to shoulder with Ethan Allen, how he threatened to break into the magazine at New Haven unless the selectmen would hand over the keys within five minutes when his company heard the news of Lexington and wanted to set out for Cambridge and even how he used to astonish the other boys years before by seizing the great water wheel and going around with it through water and through sky.

A Respect For Figures.

"What do you consider the most important branch of education?"

"Arithmetic," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Give a boy plenty of arithmetic. What blights the careers of so many young men is the failure to realize that you can't subtract a $5,000 expense account from a $1,000 income."—Washington Star.

A Monster Bird.

Freddie—Ma, the bat is the biggest bird that flies, ain't it?

Ma—By no means, Freddie.

Freddie—Well, anyway some of 'em must be mighty big, 'cause I heard father say he was out on one last night.—Richmond Dispatch.

OVERPETTED PETS.

Dogs and Cats Spoiled by Appetite For Unnatural Tidbits.

Possibly the dog world might afford a [illegible] specimen of a living skeleton than one in the kennel next to the door of a boarding place for animals, but it would take a day's journey to find him.

"What's makes him so thin?" was asked of the attendant.

"He won't eat," was the reply—"that is, he won't eat hospital food. He's been spoiled. Lots of dogs and cats that are brought here have been spoiled. Their owners think it is a sign of high breeding to cultivate an appetite for a peculiar and unnatural diet. They train animals to eat all kinds of food that they would never touch of their own volition. This emaciated fellow has been taught to like fruit. He is particularly fond of pears, but, in case he can't get them, peaches, apples and bananas are a fairly satisfactory substitute. Unfortunately, his present ailment makes a fruit diet extremely dangerous, and since he is deprived of his favorite food he is literally starving himself to death."

The attendant passed on to a neighboring cage and poked his finger sportively into the side of a large gray cat that "meowed" plaintively in response to his cheery "Hello, there, Cæsar!" The cat had such a healthy, wholesome appearance that the visitor inquired what meat he was fed upon.

"Humph!" said the attendant. "You've missed it there. He doesn't feed upon meat. He's a vegetarian. He likes onions better than anything else, unless it's melons. A good many cats like melons, and most of them are also partial to raw asparagus. The fact is you might run through a list of all the dishes that find a place on any up to date menu and you will find that some of our patients have acquired a taste for them. This special appetite may denote aristocratic tendencies on the part of my boarders, but I don't approve of it. Most of these acquired tastes are a perversion of the natural animal appetite and it is likely to prove harmful in the end. The trick is pretty expensive [illegible] and I'd like to put a stop to it."—New York Times.

APHORISMS.

Liberality [illegible] consists rather in giving seasonably than much.—Cicero.

Love is the divine law of our existence; egoism is mean and suicide.—Mazzini.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Greville.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—Rochefoucauld.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

It is not what he has or even what he does which expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it.—Penn.

Cats of Ancient Egypt.

By some persons the popularity of the cat in Egypt has been attributed to the fact that the animal was valuable in ridding the palaces of rats and mice and also in hunting fowls. There are several paintings in the British museum, executed by ancient Egyptian artists, representing Egyptian sportsmen in boats on the river Nile, accompanied by large cats, sitting on their haunches in the stern. Other pictures show the cats swimming with birds in their mouths after the manner of retriever dogs. These pictures have greatly perplexed modern naturalists because the cat of today has a strong aversion to water, and it is difficult to reconcile such different traits even after the lapse of thousands of years.

Food We Ought to Eat.

It has been said that a man should be in very good health if he takes no more than three different kinds of food at any one meal. It should be served as nearly as possible in its simple state. More food is required on a damp, raw, cold day than on a cheerful, dry one.

As a rule, it is safe to assume that what we crave for is best for us, though in cases of illness this point should not be strictly adhered to.

Men require a good deal more food than women; those who work hard more than those who lead a sedentary life; those who are growing more then those who have reached maturity.

True Courage.

Spartacus—What is the greatest act of bravery that ever occurred within your specific knowledge?

Smartacus—A man with only half a dollar in his pocket went into a swell cafe and ordered 40 cents' worth of food right out loud, so that people at the next table heard him distinctly.—Baltimore American.

Kidnaped.

"So Daisy Dashabout's diamonds were stolen, were they?" inquired the patient newspaper man, suppressing a yawn.

"No," corrected the enterprising press agent; "they were kidnaped. She had them set in her teeth, and they had to take her too."—Cincinnati Commercial.

All In the Draw.

Wigg—Many a woman discovers that she has married the wrong man.

Wagg—Well, I've heard that marriage sometimes makes another man of a fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

Some claim that coeducation encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony coeducation?—Saturday Evening Post.

It's usually easier for one father to support ten small children than it is for ten growing children to support one father.

DEACON HARDY'S PARROT

By Cyrus Slocum

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Deacon Hardy had no more thought of keeping a pet parrot than of installing a pig in the parlor, but he wasn't proof against circumstance. His sister out in Ohio "went and got on her dying bed," as he explained it, and he was sent for to bid her a last farewell. There was only one thing on her mind and she proceeded to state it. She had owned a parrot for many years, and she wanted to be assured of its future before she closed her eyes. The cat, which would also be left behind, could get along some way, nor did she care what became of her quilt frames and flatirons, but that parrot must find a home with a Christian family.

The brother cheerfully offered his refuge and promised to bring Polly up in the way she should go. When the funeral was over, he started for his home in the east with the big tin cage in tow. The parrot had been silent for a week, and the deacon's heart had warmed toward her. He figured it out that she realized the situation and was doing a proper amount of mourning. The deacon's wife welcomed Polly as a relic of the dear departed and was solicitous that she should feel perfectly at home when something happened. The bird suddenly found her tongue and cried out:

"What in blank ails this blank crowd anyhow?"

The deacon was hoeing potatoes in his back yard, and when Aunt Mary staggered out to him and told him the awful news he couldn't believe his senses.

"You are a little deaf in your right ear, you know," he finally replied, "and must have got things mixed up. I know that my dear sister Ellen never taught that bird anything but words out of the good book. Let us go in and see."

They entered the kitchen, where Polly was resting on the back of a chair. As they stood before her she cocked her head and [illegible] them with:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the deacon as his troubled look was replaced by a smile of relief.

"I thought it was swearing, but I must have been mistaken," reluctantly admitted Aunt Mary. "Well, I'm glad on't. It would be just awful to have a swearing parrot around."

Three days later, as Polly sat on a perch near the gate, Mrs. Simpkins came along on her way to the store and stopped to look at her. She had scarcely come to a halt when she was saluted with:

"Who in blank are you?"

It was a stunning blow, and Mrs. Simpkins felt her head swimming round and round. Before she could recover the bird yelled out:

"Let's have another beer!"

Then Mrs. Simpkins screamed, and Deacon Hardy and his wife rushed out to the gate to see what was the matter. When she repeated Polly's language, or as much of it as she dared, the deacon smiled and replied:

"It's another mistake. You never heard a parrot talk before, and you got his words twisted up. My dear deceased sister told me over and over again that he was a religious bird and that he never said anything but"—

"Honor thy father and thy mother," interrupted Polly.

"Didn't I say so!" exclaimed the deacon as he rubbed his hands together.

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" screamed the bird.

Mrs. Simpkins had to give it up, though as she continued on her way she couldn't help but wonder whether she was growing deaf or absentminded.

Polly had no more surprises that day, but on the next, as the staid and dignified village justice of the peace was passing along on the opposite side of the street, a voice cried out to him:

"Hello, you old villain! What in blank ails you?"

The justice paused and looked around. He was alone on the street. The words could have been addressed to no one else. He crossed over the road and saw Polly on her perch. Just then Deacon Hardy came around the corner of the house with a hoe in his hand.

"There's such a thing as contempt of court!" solemnly observed the justice.

"What's the matter?" asked the deacon.

"Your parrot has called me names and used profane language."

"But she couldn't have. She knows nothing but good words. My dear deceased sister spent nearly all her time for five years in teaching this poor bird to"—

"Brethren and sisters, let us all join in the singing," solemnly announced Polly.

"Any profane language about that?" asked the deacon over the fence.

"If it wasn't her, it was some boy hidden around here," replied the justice. "I guess it was a boy, and I'm sorry I laid it to the parrot. I never thought much of parrots, but I ain't saying that a religious parrot ain't all right."

Polly realized that she had had a narrow escape, and for the next three days she chattered of nothing worse than Moses in the bulrushes and Daniel in the lions' den. She was establishing her reputation on a foundation of rock when Uncle Absalom Flint came along driving a pig. He was closely followed by Aunt Sally Warner and the minister of her church. Just opposite Deacon Hardy's gate the pig tried to bolt, and it took the united efforts of Absalom, the minister and Aunt Sally to prevent it. The three shouted, and the pig squealed, and Deacon Hardy and his wife got out just in time to hear Polly lead off with:

"What in blank is the matter now?"

Five human beings and a hog held their breath.

"Chuck him out! He's a blank loafer!"

The hog passed on and the five humans gathered closer together.

"It's profanity!" solemnly whispered the minister.

"It's reg'lar swearin'!" added Aunt Sally.

"He's a-cussin' of us!" groaned Absalom.

"It seems so, it seems so, but how can it be?" replied Deacon Hardy. "My dear deceased sister had the bringing up of this bird and"—

"Little children, love one another!" interrupted Polly.

"There you hear that? That isn't swearing. Sister Ellen wouldn't have had no swearing parrot around her. She labored with this bird day in and day out to"—

"Oh, you go to blank!" said Polly.

The minister and Aunt Sally walked away together shaking their heads, and Absalom went after his pig with grief in his heart. Deacon Hardy and wife looked at each other for a long minute, and then he said:

"It must be profanity."

"Yes, it must be," admitted Aunt Mary.

"Then I must wring his neck and bury him in the back garden. Poor sister Ellen! Ah me! She must have meant the cat instead of the parrot!"

A Flight of Birds.

A flight of birds changed the history of America under the following circumstances: When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic, he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been 216 nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion by a flight of parrots toward the southwest. The effect of this change in his course curiously exemplifies the influence of apparently trivial events in the world's affairs. Had Columbus kept his original route he would have entered the gulf stream, reached the coast of Florida and then probably been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have been to give the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of immeasurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more important consequences." It may be said to have determined the first settlements on the new continent and its distribution between the Latin and Germanic races.—Exchange.

What's In a Name?

One summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied and, taking a pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?"

"Oh, put down 'landowner,'" he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academician,'" was his answer.

These words seemed to puzzle her, and therefore he asked with a smile, "Don't you know what an academician is?"

"No, not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the profession must be a splendid one."

Not According to Shakespeare.

A negro amateur dramatic society was attempting to give a performance of "Othello." In the scene where Othello demands a handkerchief from Desdemona there was a startling interruption from one of the audience. When the time came for the scene, the negro who was playing the part of Othello bawled out, "Desdemonie, gib me dat han'kerchif!"

No reply.

"Desdemonie, I say gib me dat han'kerchif!"

Still silence.

"Desdemonie, foh de third time, gib me dat han'kerchif!"

But she wouldn't do it.

Thereupon an old negro among the spectators, tired of the apparent slowness, spoke up and said, "Ah, wipe yo' nose on yo' cote sleeve, niggah, an' let de show go on!"—New York Tribune.

Phenomena Allied to Lightning.

Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks. Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning—gouty men have been enabled to walk freely, epileptic persons have been healed, amaurosis has been removed and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative effects.—Chambers' Journal.

Plants That Hate Each Other.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other! Yet that is the case with two well known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If the field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.—London Standard.

Helps.

"Yes, he always announces himself as a patron of art."

"In what way?"

"He manufactures picture cord."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co'o,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
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FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
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Clams, Sigars and
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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc., Cutters and Robes.
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March 1, 1900.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

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Palace Pharmacy **Smethport, Pa.**

SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
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BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Cross Fork is to have a new opera house.

—Attend the Republican primaries Saturday evening.

—An enameling plant is soon to be located at Shingle House.

The good people of Coudersport are being annoyed by a "peeping Tom."

—Miss Nellie Fuller who is at the Buffalo hospital for treatment is improving rapidly.

—St. James Episcopal church at Mansfield was considerably damaged by fire one day last week.

—The Eldred Eagle publishes a "roll of honor" for those who are paid furthest in advance for that paper.

—Mrs. Betty Nelson, wife of N. Nelson and a highly respected resident of Mt. Jewett, died at her home in that place on Wednesday of last week, aged about 65 years.

—R. B. McCarty of Coudersport won the bowling match against G. L. Lyon of Bradford for $100 a side. Bruce has many friends here who will be pleased to learn that he is still the champion of this section.

—An over pressure of gas caused several fires at Keating Summit Tuesday morning and one residence, a new one belonging to John Eckert, was destroyed with nearly all its contents. The gas is piped from Roulette and doesn't seem to be properly regulated.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The method of the enterprising and successful man is to plan with audacity, and execute with vigor; to sketch out a map of possibilities and then treat them as probabilities. He has the courage to do or die and it has been universally observed that he usually does and seldom dies.—Exchange.

—Sheriff Mays and Deputy Sheriff W. B. Clarke came over from the county seat yesterday on official business. The genial deputy had lots of fun with his many friends in Kane on account of their inability to recognize him by reason of his having shaved off his mustache, which makes a wonderful change in his looks.—Kane Republican.

—A mail agent on an Erie mail car was startled on Thursday last when he attempted to catch a mail bag while on the run and instead got the body of a dead man. Investigation showed that Moses S. Thierenult had been struck by a passenger engine and his body sent flying in the air. It landed on the mail post and when the iron arm shot out of the mail car the body was picked up instead of the mail bag.

—A dispatch from Pittsburg dated Jan. 15 says: In the United States district court Max Schodar of Smethport filed a petition in his bankruptcy case asking the court to confirm a proposed compromise with his creditors. He alleges that a majority in number and amount of his creditors have agreed to accept 35 cents on the dollar in full for their claims.

—A Connecticut girl won a rich husband by baking apple pies which melted in his mouth. Here is a chance for girls who think that men are not seeking help mates. The way to the heart of a man is through his stomach, but the girls seem to think that he cares only for frills and furbelows. Get out your recipe books, girls, and get to work.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An anti-treating league is to be formed by Dunkirk young men. Each individual must not buy a drink for any one else and must settle for his own indulgences, says an exchange. If such a "league" was made into a national law the people of the country would be much better off and drunkenness would be reduced to almost nothing. Few men would go and buy a drink all by themselves.

—A teacher in a borough school gave a boy a problem in algebra that was not regarded as a very difficult one. The teacher remarked with some show of severity: "My boy, you ought to be able to do that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor." The boy looked him straight in the eye and answered: "Yes sir, and at your age he was President of the United States." The conversation dropped at that point.

—A refrigerator car was lost out of the middle of a train on the Buffalo & Susquehanna railroad last week, yet when the train arrived at its destination it was intact. An investigation showed that the car had tipped over an embankment while the train was going down a grade and that the broken section had caught up and with the automatic coupler had coupled itself on to the first section. This is one of the strangest incidents in railroad history.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

JUST LIKE MOTHER.

An Early Morning Letter With an Important Announcement.

That domestic maintainer corps on which mother or wife or sister takes charge, being accustomed to all the accidents that befall heedless men folk, can sometimes deal with them at long range. Thus the New York Mail and Express tells how, at 6 o'clock in the morning of the wedding day, a post office messenger rang the bell at the home of the bride to be and handed out a special delivery letter.

It was addressed to the best man, who had come forty miles to second his best friend in the ceremony, and was with several others, the guest of the bride's parents. The best man was still sound asleep, but he was promptly awakened on the supposition that the letter must contain something of importance.

It did, indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an effort to understand, he tore open the envelope and was astonished to find a sheet of letter paper, with a large needle of the sort men always choose when emergency compels them to sew thrust through it, and a foot of black thread doubled and trailing in a loose tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke, but he could not see it, and he was about to become resentful when, upon turning the sheet, he found this hastily written note:

"Dear Brother: Mother says there is a button off your dress coat. It is in your waistcoat, right hand pocket. Sew it on."

Crawling out of bed, the best man examined his coat and laughed to see that the situation had been accurately described in the letter. "Just like mother," he said. "She has probably lost a whole night's sleep thinking about that button."

Later in the day four bridesmaids gleefully assisted in making the repairs, and this telegram went to mother:

Button sewed on. Don't worry.

KEEPING A LOGBOOK.

The System of Abbreviations Used on Merchant Vessels.

How many landsmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere. C means cloudy or detached, opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain, a small f, fog; capital F thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s, and thunder by a t. Any ugly, threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility of distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree. As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind. A cipher indicates calm; 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.

Quicksands.

Quicksands have a horrible fascination for writers and readers of fiction, and the reality is every bit as bad as fancy paints it. One of the most remarkable quicksand accidents occurred years ago in New Zealand. Two prospectors were wading across the mouth of a small stream running into the sea in the north island of New Zealand. Both stepped into a quicksand. One who merely touched the edge of it got loose. The other sank rapidly and, in spite of his companion's efforts, was sucked under. When an attempt was made to recover the body, it was found that the sand was enormously rich in gold. From a single ton of it £300 worth of gold was washed.—Pearson's.

His Audience.

First Pianist—Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon?

Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me. I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

He Took the Watch.

It is told of the late Dr. Parker that when a very, very, very good young man came to him asking whether he should accept for certain special service a gold watch from an agnostic employer he replied: "Take it, my lad; take it. If he had been a Christian, perhaps he would not have offered it to you."

Great Labor Saver.

Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it.

Dealer—Yes, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.—New York Weekly.

Men who mind their own business are usually successful because they have very little competition.—Chicago News.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup,

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

He Demanded Protection.

Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska in speaking had a peculiar [illegible] delivery. [illegible] was as if he [illegible] to move [illegible] one side of the chamber to the other, continually talking. He talked so fast that he often "sputtered," and senators were careful to keep out of range of the moisture he hissed through his closely set teeth.

Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Spooner once sat directly in front of "Mr. Punch," as Senator Van Wyck was often called because of his resemblance to that noted character, when he was delivering an impassioned utterance, and an atom of spray rested upon the hand of the immaculate Ingalls.

He adjusted his spectacles, carefully inspected his soiled hand and deliberately signaled for one of the pages to come to him. Then in one of his famous whispers, which penetrated the entire chamber, Ingalls said:

"Boy, bring an umbrella for Senator Spooner and a rubber overcoat for me."

The incident provoked general laughter, but it did not interfere with Van Wyck's speech. He simply shifted his position so as to get beyond range of his always faultlessly dressed and sarcastic colleague.—Washington Post.

Good Shooting In Cambridge.

Years ago when Bret Harte, fresh from the Pacific slope, heard the list of famous men living at Cambridge he said to Mr. Howells:

"Why, you couldn't fire a revolver from your front porch anywhere without bringing down a two volumer!"

The Truth About Lung Troubles

Chapter I. Severe climate. (Thermometer has been known to drop 50 degrees in 50 minutes.) Sun hot, wind cold.

Chapter II. A hard cold. A touch of the grip. Don't seem to get well.

Chapter III. Hacking cough. (Guess it will wear off when warm weather comes.)

Chapter IV. Doctor says left lung is affected.

Everybody knows the last chapter.

Isn't it pitiable? The more so since common cough-cures don't cure a hacking cough. They only temporarily dry it up and upset the stomach. The cause is still there.

We believe we can help nine cases out of ten of this kind - that is about our average of relief and cures so far.

We do it with Vinol, which is made from the best remedy for lung troubles the world has ever seen - cod liver oil, but with the vile-smelling grease left out.

The results are gained by improved nourishment. The rich new blood overcomes the swarming germs of disease. There is almost immediate gain. Try it on our guarantee — money back if you want it.

J. W. VOORHEES,
DRUGGIST.

THE FAMOUS.
Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

Prices Greatly Reduced

on Men's and Boys'

SUITS and OVERCOATS.

Could not have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind, but a good many kinds we want to close out.

Men of Smethport,

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat that outclass any ever offered at like figures, it is **to your interest** to come here, where you get

Your Money's Worth or
Your Money Back.

Wm. Monheimer.

In every town and village may be had, the

Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

Made by Standard Oil Co.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right
We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Make Your Selection From These Brands:

WHISKIES	WINES
Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer	White Seal White Top
Tom Moore Seymour Club	Great Western
Meadville Rye	Imported Sherry Imported Port
Rose Club Private Stock	Tokay Catawba Rhine
Gibson and 15 others.	St. Julian and many others.

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

YOUNG PEOPLE

Should have a savings account. Start them right. A dollar will do to begin. That first dollar backed by a determination to keep at it will win them independence. You can bank by mail.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.
Boys and girls mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving; also an unique Pocket Piece.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CLARION
State Normal School

Provides Special Training for Teachers.
Prepares Young People for College.
Offers Excellent Facilities for General Education.

FREE TUITION.

Living Expenses Very Low.

Winter term begins Tuesday, Dec. 30

For further particulars call on or address

DR. SAMUEL WEIR, Principal
Clarion, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Gaskin & Grant.

NEWS STAND.

Cigars, Tobacco, Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables in season.
We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

McKean County Miner

[illegible] THURSDAY

[illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible] advertisements [illegible] at the rate of $[illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. [illegible] position and no deviation from this rule. [illegible] charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5 00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $[illegible] each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1903.

Republican Borough Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough officers will be held at the regular polling place in Smethport borough on Saturday, January 24, 1903:

1 person for Chief Burgess.

3 persons for Councilmen to serve for three years.

1 person for Councilman to serve for one year (to fill unexpired term).

1 person for High Constable.

1 person for Tax Collector.

1 person for Auditor.

2 persons for School Directors to serve for three years.

1 person for Judge of Election.

1 person for Inspector of Election.

Polls open from 7 o'clock p. m. until 9 o'clock p. m.

F. D. GALLUP, Committeeman.

THE Bubonic plague is raging in Mexico, over 150 deaths having been reported at Mazatlan up to January 5.

THOS. C. PLATT was re-elected United States Senator from New York on Monday by a vote of 112 to 61 on joint ballot.

REED SMOOT, the Mormon apostle, was elected United States Senator from Utah on Tuesday. It is not believed, however, he will be allowed a seat in that body.

JULIAN RALPH, the noted author and war correspondent, died at his home in New York Tuesday night. Mr. Ralph was born in New York on May 27, 1853, and served on the staffs of several of the New York papers. He became attached to the London Daily Mail in 1899.

SIX dead, two probably fatally injured and one seriously hurt is the terrible result of a powder charge of an 8-inch gun on board the Massachusetts, Friday morning, while at target practice off Culebra island. Five of the men died instantly or a few minutes after the accident, and a sixth died Sunday afternoon.

BY shooting Editor Gonzales, Tillman plainly stated to the whole world that he was even worse than the editor had ever painted him and deserves the full limit of the law. His act was premeditated and now that his victim is dead, the verdict cannot be other than murder in the first degree. Undoubtedly it will end Tillmanism in South Carolina, and in this alone will Gonzales' martyrdom avail much good, to the state and nation.

MR. MOORE of Philadelphia has introduced a bill in the State Legislature fixing the annual salaries of judges of the Supreme Court at $12,000; judges of the Superior Court at $11,000; judges of the Philadelphia Common Pleas Courts $10,000; judges of the Allegheny County Common Pleas Courts $8,000; judges of the various other districts of the state $5,000, with the exception of the judge of the 12th district, who shall receive $6,500. In all districts having a population exceeding 90,000 and having but one judge the salary shall be $6,000.

IN Northern Sweden, 70,000 persons are suffering from famine and unless they receive substantial aid many will die. It is estimated that the expenditure of about $6,300,000 will be necessary to save the population from decimation. Thus far about $200,000 has been subscribed, of which over $12,500 was sent by Swedes in the United States. This amount does not include the money necessary to save the breed of cattle which alone can live through an Arctic winter or supply seed for the spring sowings. The peasants are making pathetic sacrifices to avert the extermination of the hardy northern cattle.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, former mayor of New York and for many years Representative in Congress, died at six o'clock Monday morning, in his 81st year, having been critically ill for ten days. With him at the moment of death were his wife, his three sons and three daughters. His life was crowded full of hard work, and the successes that hard work, intelligently directed, bring. He had made his fortune. He had served his country and his city. He had received high honors. He had done great good. He made the world a better place for others to live in by the manner of his living. Death is robbed of its terror, even of its sadness, when it comes to such a man at such a time

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1903.

It is doubtful if ever except in time of war, the Congress of the United States enacted legislation with such expedition as that displayed in placing the coal bill on the statutes. The bill, providing that all duties collected on coal be refunded to the importers for one year was reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee at a quarter after twelve. Within an hour it had been passed and sent up to the senate. There it was promptly considered and so amended as to place anthracite coal perpetually on the free list, passed and sent back to the House, where the amendment was accepted and the bill was ready to send to the President by 4 p. m. The President signed it the next day at noon.

Little hope was expressed that the coal famine will be broken by the removal of the duties on coal. It is charged that the local dealers will buy up coal as fast as it is imported and will so maintain the price. Local dealers in Washington are, according to recent disclosures made before the Senate committee appointed to investigate the subject, getting their soft coal for from $2.75 to $2.80 per ton, but they are charging the consumers as high as $6.75 per ton.

Political attention is now riveted on the Cuban treaty which has become almost a party measure. The committee on foreign Relations reported the convention favorably on Thursday and Senator Cullom gave notice that he would call it up at the first executive session, which it is understood will occur to-day as soon as the Senate convenes. Before reporting the treaty the committee so amended it as to secure 40 per cent. discount from the Cuban duties on American cattle and to prevent any further concession being made in the sugar duties charged by the United States, the treaty allowing Cuba 20 per cent discount from the Dingley rates.

The most urgent reasons are set forth by the Administration for the ratification of the treaty which it is estimated will insure to the United States a foreign trade of not less than $70,000,000 per annum. It is shown that last year Cuba imported cotton textiles to the amount of $2,385,523 of which amount the United States supplied the insignificant sum of one-tenth. It is estimated that the Cuban consumption of this class of goods for the next year will amount to $3,000,000 and under the terms of the pending arrangement the United States will supply the entire amount. Last year Cuba imported silk goods to the amount of $[illegible], and the United States sold her but $18,[illegible] worth. Of linens, she imported a total value of $1,787,808, of which amount this country supplied but $81,[illegible]. Of woolen goods, she imported $[illegible] of which the United States supplied but [illegible]. Under the provisions of the treaty this country will sell Cuba the entire amount of these and many other classes of goods that she is capable of consuming.

At the present time the opposition to the treaty comes from the Democrats, with the exception of Senators Mason and Simon who are said to oppose it. However, as it requires a two-thirds vote to ratify it will be necessary to secure nine or ten Democratic votes. The leaders in the Senate regard the ratification of the treaty as safe although it will be effected only by a narrow margin. The Democratic opposition so far as can be ascertained, is based solely upon blind prejudice and a desire to embarrass the administration.

The Senate has passed the militia bill after striking out that provision which provided for the National Volunteer Reserve. While it is a serious disappointment to the Secretary of War, who was virtually the author of the bill, that this clause should have had to be sacrificed, he is pleased with the passage of the bill which had been on the Senate calendar since last June.

Anti-trust legislation received something of a setback last week. The House sub-committee completed its bill which it intended to report on Friday but before doing so submitted it to the Attorney General who found in it several provisions which he feared would be construed by the courts as unconstitutional. This fear referred especially to the publicity provisions of the measure. Mr. Knox outlined to the committee his objections and it is now engaged in re-drafting the objectionable sections. It is now thought probable that the bill will be reported next Tuesday. The Senate has appointed a sub-committee to take up the measure as soon as it is received and place upon it the stamp of its approval, when it will be considered by the Senate. It is the hope of the Republicans that an adequate trust measure can be passed at this session although it is appreciated that the time for so doing is growing short. The President has announced that he will call Congress in special session if such a bill is not passed and there is nothing which the members of both parties are so anxious to avoid.

The Statehood bill is still on the Senate Calendar as unfinished business and it is difficult to see how it is to be displaced without a vote. The Republican leaders maintain that they can displace the bill at their pleasure although they do not go into details as to the methods they will pursue. Senator Quay has on several occasions offered to take a vote but his offers have been declined.

Florida.

The first Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train February 3. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals enroute in both directions while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Elmira, $51.45; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54; Erie, $54.85; Williamsport, $50; Wilkes-barre, $50.35, and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport on Monday, February 2nd, 1903, at 10 a. m., on the petition of John C. Brennan for a transfer of license granted to him on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1902, to sell intoxicating liquor at retail, from the Hotel Pasadena on the north side of Main street in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, to the Hotel House on the north side of Main street, in the said village of Hazelhurst.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., January 12th, 1903

DON'T LISTEN

To what people say when they would discourage your hope of exchanging womanly weakness and sickness for perfect health. Women who have been invalids for years, scarcely able to be up half the time, and the other half of their time spent in bed, have been made healthy, hearty women by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the womanly diseases which undermine the strength. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"With pleasure I send a few lines to let you know that I feel much better than for eight years before taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. Pierce Geise, of 522 West Philadelphia Street, York, Penna. "Will recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine to every person who may inquire as to what it has done for me. I was troubled with female weakness and began to think I would never be well. If I had continued the treatment prescribed by my doctor I don't know what would have become of me. When your treatment was commenced my weight was 108 lbs.; at present it is 140. Have healthy color and my friends say I look well. My best thanks to you and my best wishes too, for what you have done for me."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

We Have

But One Kind

of Flour, that is the satisfactory kind, called F. S. You all know how good it is. Only

$1.25

per sack. Your money back if not as good or better than you are using.

Nice sweet oranges and nice sour lemons.

Chase & Sanborn's

celebrated Mocha and Java coffee can only be purchased here. Don't take any substitute.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of William A. Green, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, there will be exposed at public sale at the residence of Sarah Green, in Keating township, McKean county, Pa., situate on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the 17th day of February, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following messuage and tract of land.

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a point in the public highway leading from Smethport to East Smethport, being 20.2 rods more or less east from the eastern end of the bridge over Potato creek on said highway, and being the northeast corner of lands of Angeline Schoonmaker; thence south 18½ degrees west by the east line of Angeline Schoonmaker's lot, 28 rods more or less to the right of way of the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua railroad; thence easterly along said right of way 8 rods; thence northerly parallel with the east line of Angeline Schoonmaker's lot 28 rods more or less to the public highway aforesaid; thence westerly along said highway 8 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 21-40 of an acre of land be the same more or less subject however to the leasehold rights of the Smethport Extract Company for right of way for railroad purposes across said land, said rights being now enjoyed by said company under and by virtue of a lease from H. L. McCoy. Being the same premises conveyed by Henry L. McCoy and wife to William A. Green, by deed dated November 28th, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book 102, page 301.

Improved and having thereon a one two story frame house, with out buildings, a well of water and a good frame barn.

Terms of sale. One-third of the purchase price down and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

GEORGE H. DENNING,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

Assignee's Notice.

In the matter of the assignment of J. C. McKay and J. W. Horrobin to J. F. Davis, for the benefit of creditors.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa. No. 191. June Term, 1902.

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED:—J. F. Davis, Assignee of J. C. McKay and J. W. Horrobin for the benefit of creditors, has filed his account of trust as such assignee, and the same will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas for allowance, at a session of said Court to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, February 23d, 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., and the same will then be allowed and confirmed absolutely unless cause be shown why the same should not be allowed.

SAMUEL E. BELL, Prothonotary.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1903.

F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.

Office over D. C. Young's store.

Bell 'phone at house and store.

Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-4 p. m., 7-8 p. m

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"

and

Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP.

The Leading Grocers.

In the Different Walks of Life.

our footwear is giving satisfaction. All classes, all ages and both sexes wear our

Douglas and Kelley Shoes.

with comfort and satisfaction.

All the shoes are made of leather of [illegible] grade and by the most approved method. They are stylish, perfect fitting, strong and durable.

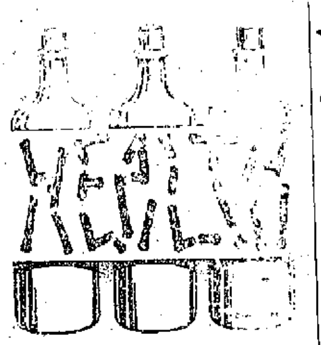
PRICES:

Douglas for men, $3 and $3.50.

Kelley for ladies, $2 to $4.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.



Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

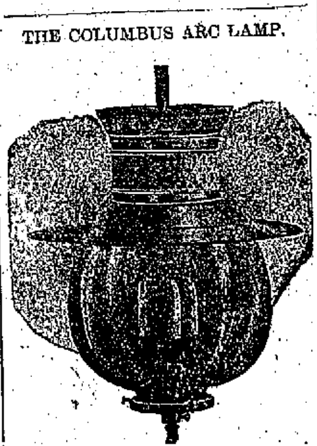
by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS

While there's lot's of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.

MERCHANT TAILORS. CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS

REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns

FOR

Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. **F. G. Lindholm & Co** Dry Goods and Carpets.

OUR GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALES!

The Great Price Reductions are causing the most sensational selling. Odd lots and broken lines are going with a rush at a fraction of their value.

January Reduction Sale of Carpets.

70c Ingrain Carpets are now 52½c a yd.
60c Ingrain Carpets are now 42½c a yd.
50c Ingrain Carpets are now 37½c a yd.
40c Ingrain Carpets are now 27½c a yd.

January Sale of Bed Furnishings.

Our special sale of Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables, Sheets and Pillow Cases, together with several excellent numbers in Muslins, Cambrics and Long Cloths will begin Friday, Jan. 16th.

Yard wide muslin of excellent quality, bleached, 7c a yard; unbleached, 5c a yard.

January Sale of Outing Flannel.

1500 yards good quality Outing Flannel.

Usual price, 8c.
Sale price, yard, 6c.

January Sale of Embroideries

begins Jan. 16th. These goods are to be closed out to make room for new ones just beginning to arrive. Some are marked at a third off. Others at less than one-half.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than use gas in other makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle your worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Attend the Republican caucus Saturday night.

—Warner's Business College keeps steadily increasing in numbers.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Garth E. Rumsey, on Sunday last, a son.

—Read the new shoe advertisement of Anderson & Carlson in this issue.

—The borough and township elections will be held on Tuesday, February 17.

—Fry & Herzog advertise some snaps in ladies' wearing apparel in this issue.

—The chances for Bradford to have a paid fire department seems to be very good.

—The Amateur Whist Club was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Eastman Wednesday evening.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—Lost—The tail to a fur boa. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s store.

—Two new switch boards have been added to the Bell Telephone office and other improvements have been made.

—The Prospect, Ohio, Monitor calls the Coit Novelty Company "The finest entertainment ever given in Prospect."

—Miss Gertrude Walker is quite ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker, Kennedy street.—Bradford Era.

—The ladies of St. Luke's guild will have a sale of cooked food at the parish house on next Saturday, the 24th inst., from two to five p. m.

—After the regular work at the Eastern Star last Thursday night the members enjoyed a social evening with cards and very dainty refreshments.

—The report that Joseph Castine, an Italian, had been arrested at Shingle House recently for the murder of a man at Kane is without foundation.

—"What is Spirituality?" is the pastor's subject for Sunday evening at the Methodist church. His subject for the morning is: "To the Pure All Things are Pure."

—Miss Rice, teacher in the second grade, has been suffering from a severe cold. Young ladies from the high school supplied her place very creditably for a couple of days.

—A book club has been formed in town whereby members may have access to the latest and best fiction at very small cost. The Epworth League are the prime movers. The membership now numbers about thirty.

—Frank H. Sanderson, an oil well shooter who used to live at Eldred, was killed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine near Denver, Col., one day last week.

Mrs. J. H. Green entertained a number of ladies Wednesday evening. The gathering at the home of this hospitable matron was a particularly jolly one.

—Hear Mr. A. Lincoln Kirk interpret noted characters from standard literature in impersonations strikingly true to nature at the Methodist church tonight.

—The supper given by the Travelers' Club at the hose house Tuesday evening was a decided success. An excellent supper was served and a goodly sum was added to the club house fund.

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville gives a card party this afternoon. Six hand euchre is the game and as Mrs. Hungiville is noted as one of our good cooks, the inner woman promises to be well cared for.

—The Coit Novelty Company will furnish the fourth of the High School Entertainment Course next Wednesday evening, at the court house. This company has met remarkable success, and should draw a good house.

—The entertainment at the court house, next Wednesday evening, by the Coit Novelty Company, will be of a character to please everybody. The company has been meeting with remarkable success for the past few seasons.

—"As an impersonator Mr. Kirk excels and in his original way of arranging his topics and characters he is entertaining and instructive." The program at the Methodist church to-night will be interspersed with musical selections.

—The Robert Burns Club dance, on Friday night of last week, was well attended. The young people passed the time most happily tripping the "light fantastic toe" until the wee sma' hours. The high school orchestra furnished the music.

—The McKEAN MINER has passed its fortieth anniversary in excellent health and spirits. May it live long and prosper, is the wish of its oldest neighbor, fourteen years the senior of our esteemed Smethport contemporary.—Potter Journal.

—The Cameron County Press has taken an admirable stand as will be seen by the following: "We hope our readers will not send us obituary poetry for publication, for we have long since drawn the line and must most politely decline to publish such matter."

—J. H. Rooney stepped upon the Shawmut train at the Grand Central Union depot last Saturday to ride to the junction, thinking that the train would stop there, and when he discovered his mistake dropped from the train, which was moving quite rapidly at that point, and fell, cutting his right leg just below the knee in a severe manner. He is getting along as well as could be expected and will be about again in a few days. Ed Rooney is looking after Mr. Rooney's duties in the meantime.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—George Case, a resident of McKean county during the past half century died Sunday evening at his home at Bolivar Run, aged 60 years. The deceased was a veteran of the Civil War, and had been ill for several weeks with a complication of ailments.—Bradford Era.

—Miss Eliza Blevin died at the Buffalo hospital on Saturday last after an extended illness, aged about 22 years. Previous to her going to the hospital Miss Blevin resided in Smethport with her father, John Blevin, and her two brothers. The funeral services were held at Roulette Tuesday afternoon.

—George Ade is the latest American writer to make the conquest of England. He is hailed over there as one of the greatest of American humorists. It will be acknowledged after this that Britons can see a joke quicker than was supposed. Mr. Ade's fables are one of the features of the Illustrated Buffalo Express.

Miss Martha Eckels is confined to her home on Greeves street with an attack of measles. The absence of Miss Eckels from her accustomed place in the sophomore class of the high school to-day interrupts an unusual record. During a period of school attendance covering eight and one half years she has never before been absent or tardy.—Kane Republican.

—A few minutes after returning from the show last night and while seated in a chair conversing with Landlord Van Buren at the Van Buren House L. R. Johnson of Elmira, superintendent of the Penn Tanning company, died from heart disease. Just after he made a good natured remark to the proprietor his head dropped over the back of the chair and life was extinct.—[illegible]

—The entertainment given at St. Luke's parish house by Junior Auxiliary Monday evening was a very pleasant affair. A fine musical program was rendered, followed by an old fashioned spelling bee in which Mrs. T. A. Mc[illegible]y won the honors. The High School orchestra furnished music during the entertainment and after the spelling bee some of the young people enjoyed dancing until about midnight.

Court Notes.

Civil court convened Tuesday last with Judge J. W. Bouton on the bench. Judge Ormerod of Potter county was also in attendance, having been asked to hear the cases in which Judge Bouton was retained previous to his appointment to the bench.

The following decrees in divorce were handed down by the court: Nettie M. Cowan against Dale Cowan; Lucy L. Bracken against William Bracken; Julia Schaney against J. A. Schaney; John Morris against Mary A. Morris; Martha Wakefield against Perry L. Wakefield. The decree of divorce was refused in the case of Betty Olson against John Olson.

The case of Mark Bailey vs. the city of Bradford was settled by the city confessing judgment in favor of plaintiff for $800. Bailey was injured by falling on a slippery walk.

The rule in the case of Mrs. Sarah Olin vs. the city of Bradford, why a new trial should not be granted, was made absolute, unless the plaintiff should agree to accept $1,000, instead of the $1,200 which had been awarded her.

A new trial was refused in the case of Mary Wharton vs. the city of Bradford.

A. Coastes vs. the city of Bradford; exceptions dismissed and decree confirmed.

Mary J. Olin vs. the Prudential Insurance company; judgment of alderman reversed.

T. F. Mullin vs. C. E. Hazelton, trespass; judgment of alderman reversed.

Home Industries.

A local store, as the Titusville Herald puts it, is a home industry, in a certain sense, the fruits of which are scattered thoughout the entire community. Each merchant has his weekly pay roll the size of which depends upon the liberality of the patronage accorded him. In one way and another he is employer of labor and disburser of wages. He contributes to bring in new industries and is a willing and liberal giver to all worthy local projects. It is only fair that he should receive in return the hearty support and patronage of his fellow citizens.

Notwithstanding this, you will find in every town some people—perhaps persons the home merchant has contributed a share of his profits to secure the very industry in which they are employed—sending out of town for their merchandise.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 17, 1903.

Myer Berwald, L. Bell, Sr., Homer Conklin, Charley Cozad, Mrs. Annie Davenport, P. H. Gelgallon, Will Hixenbaugh, 2, Albin Johnson, Miss Stella McBride, 2, Mrs. Moster, Mrs. O. H. Napier, G. W. Richer, 2, Robert Revels, C. W. Smith, Miss Zella Taggart.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

PERSONAL MENTION

E. P. Day had business in Kane Tuesday.

T. H. Morrison spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Lemuel Davis of Kane was a visitor in town this week.

T. H. Morrison visited Bradford friends over Sunday.

Claud Heath of Eldred is in town this week doing jury duty.

W. H. and Ed. Hungerford were Monday visitors in Olean.

Mrs. R. E. Burdick returned Monday from a visit to Buffalo.

Burgess E. L. Ryan of Kane had business at court this week.

W. F. Potter of Bradford had business in town on Monday.

D. C. Young and Dr. F. R. Young visited Portville on Monday.

Mrs. Lucretia Freeman and Mrs. H. C. Wells visited Olean on Monday.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark returned Monday evening from a visit to Buffalo.

Miss Maud Davidson and John Brophy drove over from Port Allegany last Saturday.

Ex Chief of the Fire Department Bert McAllister of Bradford had business at court this week.

Miss Day accompanied a merry crowd of boys and girls on a sleighride to Eldred Saturday evening.

Harry Rohr and George Brennan, who are attending business college in Olean, were home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Flowers and children returned to their home in Westfield, N. Y., on Tuesday.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison and Mrs. Grace Wilson of Smethport, are visiting in the city.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

A. B. Hill, the genial shirt agent of Bradford, is doing jury duty this week and was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. J. H. McCandless with Miss Henrietta Johnson, left for De Land Fla., last Monday to be away until about the middle of April.

Miss Bessie Hussey was the guest of Mrs. O. H. Parker of Bradford over Sunday. Mrs. Back returned to Smethport with Miss Hussey.

Editor and Mrs. Chas. O. Laymon of Port Allegany were visitors in town Saturday. During their stay Mr. Laymon made this office a pleasant call.

Golden Gate Tour.

The first Pennsylvania railroad personally-conducted tour to California for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on the Golden Gate Special, January 29, going via Chicago, Kansas City and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Diego. An entire month may be spent on the Pacific coast. The Golden Gate Special will leave San Francisco, returning Tuesday, March 3, stopping at Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs and Denver. Rate, $300 from all points on the Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburg, covering all expenses of railroad transportation, side trips in California, and berth and meals going and returning on the special train. No hotel expenses in California are included. Tickets are good for return within nine months, but when not used returning on the Golden Gate Special they cover transportation only. For detailed itinerary apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. BAYER ESTATE.
Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

The Kitchen Carving Set at 25c; warranted. Holmes & Gilfillan.

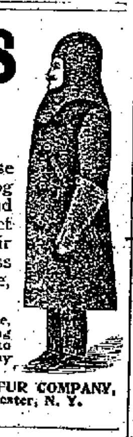
If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

SEND US A COW,

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.



Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is as ever headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

FRY & HERZOG

BANNER PATTERNS MONARCH SHIRTS
BELL AND UNION 'PHONES.

Snaps for This Week.

We're finishing up the odds and ends. These offerings are opportune and represent savings worth while. The big end of the winter is ahead. It will pay you to fill your wants now.

FLANNEL WAISTS.

Correct styles. Black, white and colors. These prices should finish them up quickly. $1.50 waists to $1.13, and $2 and $2.25 waists to $1.50.

ANGORA CLOAKING.

All colors. Suitable for dressing sacques, robes children's cloaks, &c. 40c grade, 32c. 50c grade 38c. 75c grade, 55c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Jersey ribbed, fleece lined Vests and Pants, 50c grade to 39c.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Extra quality, fleeced shirts and Drawers. All sizes, ribbed or plain. 50c grade to 39c.

FRY & HERZOG.

A Full Dinner Pail.

That is one made of Full Weight

ANTI-RUST TIN.

Hand made. Oval in shape. Two convenient trays inside which may be used or not, as desired. Coffee goes in the bottom. No trouble to clean this pail. Extra heavy drinking cup, also sauce cup. The seamless cover closes down over the outside making it tight. Warranted never to rust.

ANTI-RUSTING TINWARE

is the kind that costs the least in the end. We have the full line. An absolute guarantee against rusting with every piece.

DISH PANS

warranted not to break out around the ears or crack down the sides for THREE YEARS. See our Anti Rust Basin at 10c, a bargain.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

Lumber and Hardware

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa McKean County.

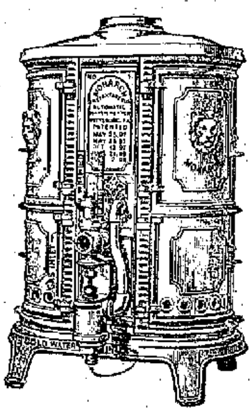
Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater

In Bradford

L. E. Mallory
L. Emery, Jr.
L. E. Hamsher
B. M. Bailey
C. P. Collins
D. H. Jack
Charles Lavens
David Phillips
R. J. Gaffney
W. J. Bovaird
John Eckhart
Philip Nusbaum
John Wiess
John Bird
T. J. Melvin
E. N. Unruh
O. F. Schonbloms
O. F. Spencer
S. A. Mundy
Charles Brown
George Mills
Ike Ralph
George Fagnan
D. McLaughlin

In Smethport

County Home
F. D. Gallup
J. W. Bouton
Dr. H. L. McCoy



Dr. E. R. Baker
Robert King
George W. Mitchell
Orlo J. Hamlin

In Bradford

W. R. Weaver
C. V. Merrick
Dore C. Greenewald
Miss Zella Haffey
A. E. Harper
Wm. Hadley
James George
E. W. Bissett
Mrs. T. E. McCray
John Haggerty
D. W. Robertson
Milt Melvin
Frank Hamilton
Joseph Kilgore
Claude Mitchell
Harvey Rose
F. C. French
St. James Hotel
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Bay State Hotel
Option House
Central Restaurant
Geo. Moore "
Y. M. C. A.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

THE PRICE IS NEXT TO NOTHING.

Our Regular Annual Clean-up
Sale Has Commenced.

CARPET REMNANTS
ODD PIECES OF FURNITURE.

In fact, everything goes. It
means a saving to you to

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Brasted's Home Made BREAD.

Patronize Home Trade.

Weitzel's Dash On Bayou Teche

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

January 14, 1863

[Copyright, 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]

AT the beginning of 1863 the Mississippi river was still closed to the Federal army and navy in spite of Farragut's gallant deeds at New Orleans and the running of the upper batteries by his ships during 1862. General N. P. Banks had succeeded Butler in command at New Orleans and the president had put him there for the express purpose of "opening up the Mississippi." The Confederates blocked the river with their land batteries at Port Hudson and Vicksburg and had all the approaches by land and water to these river strongholds well guarded by troops on land and a numerous flotilla of little light draft gunboats.

Banks decided to attack Port Hudson, but instead of going at it direct up the river he chose to turn it by marching his army in through Louisiana from the west. The Confederates kept a strong force on the Teche, with the gunboat Cotton at hand to defend the waters. Banks stationed Weitzel's brigade on the shores of Berwick bay to watch the enemy on the Teche and placed at Weitzel's command four little light draft gunboats to aid in holding the position.

As often happens, the opposing leaders, Taylor of the Confederates and Weitzel, got into fighting humor at the same time. Taylor made ready to fall upon Weitzel on Berwick bay, and Weitzel took the notion of wiping out the gunboat Cotton, which he learned had been newly fitted up with guns and stationed in the Teche to guard the channel. The Cotton had been converted from a large Mississippi steamer into a formidable floating fort, protected with cotton bales and a casing of railroad iron. She was heavily armed and commanded by resolute men. Having been driven out of Berwick bay some weeks before, she had backed up the Teche, which was too narrow to permit of her turning, and stood at bay in front of two lines of earthworks extending from either shore at right angles with the stream. These works were manned by 2,700 men and armed with two 24 pound guns. In front of the batteries a line of rifle pits covered a force of sharpshooters who had open range down the channel. To further baffle an attacking force the Confederates had planted a nest of torpedoes and other channel obstructions below the Cotton's anchorage.

Weitzel's column bivouacked the night of Jan. 13 three miles from the gunboat Cotton. Early on the 14th two detachments deployed on either side of the bayou and marched forward simultaneously, while the little gunboat fleet ascended the channel. The channel being narrow, the fleet, composed of the flagship Calhoun, T. McKean Buchanan, the Estrella, Diana and Kinsman steamed in line, the Calhoun leading.

Buchanan had been in the same waters some weeks before with his little fleet, and although warned by negroes that the bayou was planted with torpedoes below the Confederate position, he moved fearlessly ahead until stopped by obstructions planted in the channel. His ships were all inferior to the Cotton and had been hastily built to cope with the enemy's boats on the inland waters of Louisiana.

Weitzel's land column contained three batteries, and these, with the guns of the navy, opened fire upon the Cotton and the Confederate breastworks. Although the little fleet stopped before the obstructions in the channel, the first line of troops rushed ahead on both sides of the bayou. This line consisted of 120 picked men, sixty from the Eighth Vermont led by Captain Dutton and the same number from the Seventy-fifth New York under Lieutenant Whiteside. The men were the crack shots of the brigade and under cover of the fire from the batteries made their way to within easy range of the Cotton.

Opening brisk fire upon the Cotton, the sharpshooters killed her pilots and several of the crew. A bullet also disabled the arm of Captain Fuller.

Meanwhile the Confederates in the first line of pits took for their target the flagship Calhoun, which was aground or fouled by the obstructions. Commander Buchanan took his station on deck regardless of danger to direct the fire of the bow guns. He was instantly killed and his gunners driven from their places by the pitiless fire rained upon them from shore.

Word of the death of Buchanan, the plight of his ship and the attack on the Cotton caused Weitzel to push forward his land column independent of support from the navy. The Seventy-fifth New York and Eighth Vermont formed for the charge under cover of buildings and advanced upon the rear of the rifle pits nearest the Calhoun. The men in the pits were Louisianians, zealous in the defense of their homes and so intent upon destroying the Federal flagship that they paid no attention to the Federal troops until the Vermonters were close upon the pits. Firing a volley at short range, they abandoned the field, all except an officer and forty men captured in the pits by the Eighth Vermont.

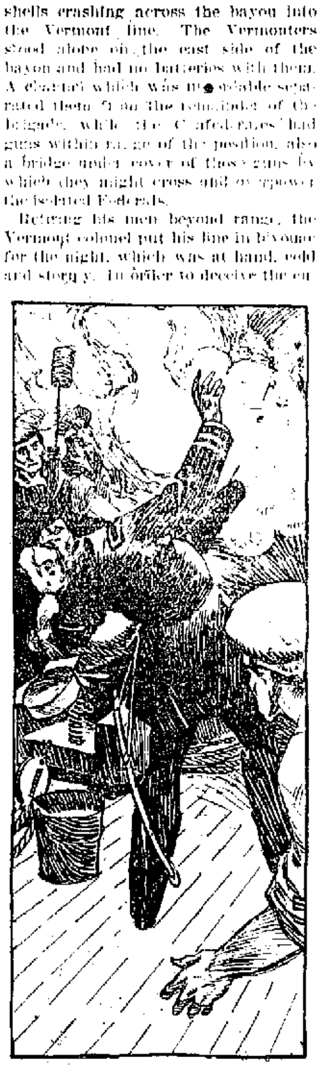
By the retreat of the Louisianians from the advance line of pits the tables were turned and the Cotton in peril, but her commander kept the deck in spite of his wound and, taking the place of the dead pilot at the wheel, backed the ship slowly up the river, where she lay under the protection of a redoubt on the west bank. The Seventy-fifth New York was marching up the west bank, preceded at some distance by the skirmishers, who covered themselves from Confederate view by hillocks and other shelter as they advanced. Seeing the Cotton backing out of the fight, her guns silent and no sign of belligerency in her crew, Lieutenant Whiteside rushed to the bank of the bayou and called out to the ship to strike her colors.

Whiteside was almost alone, for his men were scattered about stealing toward the enemy's trenches or watching cover that might hide a Confederate marksman. The main body of the regiment was not yet up with the retreating gunboat. No answer came to the lieutenant's hail from the crew of the gunboat, but a bullet from the swampy canebrake on the other side of the bayou crashed through his brain, and the second brave leader on the Federal side was out of the fight.

The dash of the Eighth Vermont upon the rifle pits of the Louisianians was a blow in the flank and a complete surprise as well. From the captured pits the Vermonters marched in line of battle up the bayou to the main line of Confederate works extending from the bank at right angles. These were opposite the redoubt on the west bank, where the Cotton lay and which the Seventy fifth New York would encounter should it continue to advance. Summoned to the protection of the Cotton from the New Yorkers, the Confederates in the breastworks had crossed the bayou on a floating bridge, thus concentrating all the strength of Taylor on the west bank.

The Vermonters took possession of the abandoned trenches and deployed scouts to the bank of the bayou. The scouts on the bank betrayed to the enemy on the other side the presence of the Vermonters in the earthworks, and two rifled guns in the redoubt sent shells crashing across the bayou into the Vermont line. The Vermonters stood alone on the east side of the bayou and had no batteries with them. A channel which was unfordable separated them from the remainder of the brigade, while the Confederates had guns within range of the position, also a bridge under cover of those guns by which they might cross and overpower the isolated Federals.

Retiring his men beyond range, the Vermont colonel put his line in bivouac for the night, which was at hand, cold and stormy. In order to deceive the enemy as to the strength of the Federals on the east bank the Vermonters built a long line of fires outside their picket line. The Confederate commander planned a desperate countercharge on both banks of the bayou, but the Federal campfires made the task appear hazardous, and instead of attacking he retreated before daylight on the 15th with his whole command.



KILLED AT HIS POST.

During the night the gunboat Cotton was seen by the Federals to burst into flames. She had been swung across the channel and set on fire, and after the upper works burned away the hull sank to the bed of the bayou, completely blocking it against Weitzel's gunboats. With the Cotton destroyed Weitzel had accomplished his purpose and recalled his troops to the ships. A squadron of Confederate cavalry followed the Vermonters to the cover of the gunboats.

The fight on Bayou Teche was the baptism of fire for the Eighth Vermont, yet it escaped with few scratches, although it captured forty-one of the Louisianians. Its good fortune was due to the fact that it flanked the enemy's position and gave him a complete surprise. But for its sudden and gallant dash at the right time the Calhoun would doubtless have been lost while it lay aground under the fire of the Louisianians.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Drawing the Line.

The Artist—What do you think of this water color sketch?

The Kentuckian—I never give anything that has water in it a thought.—Chicago News.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

Suspending Judgment.

A keen critic of art once told a young woman about to begin the study of painting: "When you look at a picture do not say, at first, even to yourself, 'I like it,' or 'I don't like it.' Try to see what there is in it."

The advice was sound, and it need not be stretched thin to cover a much larger region of life than that which belongs to art. The quick, instinctive like or dislike which many a woman conceives in the first hour of her acquaintance with a person may be well founded or it may be ill founded. If it justifies itself, she remembers it and prides herself on her knowledge of human nature; if it proves false, she forgets all about it and in a year would deny that she had ever disliked the person, or at best she would defend her mistake by quoting, "'Tis safest * * * to begin with a little aversion."

In point of fact, the power of suspending judgment on book, picture, man, woman or plan is the mark of a well trained mind. The judgments worth anything are based on something stronger than "a woman's reason—I think him so because I think him so."—Youth's Companion.

Lincoln Saw a Way.

A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln, he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then, taking one gaunt knee in his hands, said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then indorsed the report:

Give this man a captain's certificate.
A. LINCOLN.

The Carnation Is an Old Flower.

Pliny refers to the carnation as having been used in the days of Augustus Cæsar to give a spicy flavor to wine. While greatly loved and admired by the ancients, its improvement was not much advanced until it found a home in England. The date of this event is not quite clear, but is believed to be about the year 1200. Chaucer wrote of its cultivation in 1386, from which date it has been considered a florist's flower. It was first called carnation by Henry Lyte in 1578 and designated as a pink in 1600. Edmund Spenser called it "coronation," which found little favor. Shakespeare in "A Winter's Tale," act 4, says, "The fairest flowers o' the season are our carnations." He also alludes to it in "Henry V."

Great Dog, Great Chicken.

"Talking of dogs," said the colonel, "a friend of mine has a Gordon setter. She's the most sympathetic dog I ever heard of. She has the maternal instinct so strong that she has brought up a litter not her own."

"I've known of such cases," said a hearer.

"There was a hen had a chicken. The hen died and the chicken was in sore distress. This dog took pity on it and brought up the chicken."

"Yes," said another listener, "that's curious, but it is not uncommon."

"And now," continued the colonel solemnly, "that chicken barks."

A Little Uncomfortable.

A story which will go straight to the hearts of shooting men is told of a clerical gentleman who was invited to join a shooting party. In the course of the day the host felt himself prodded in the back and, turning around, found the amiable cleric poking at him with the muzzle of his gun, and his look of interrogation was met with the remark, "Can you tell me how to let down these beastly things?" alluding to the hammers of the gun, which was at full cock and loaded.—London Standard.

His Idea of the Matter.

"Do you think you ought to demand so much money for campaign purposes?" said the man who resents modern election methods.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum thoughtfully, "if I were rich enough to put up a campaign fund all by myself I don't know that I would be in politics at all."—Washington Star.

Divided Booty.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingercake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."—Philadelphia Press.

Texts on Tiles.

"Now, here is something you'll like," said the manager of the works as he was showing some ladies the process of manufacture; "texts of Scripture on tiles for fireplace ornamentation."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Fangle, "I've often heard of textile manufactures, but I never saw them before."

On the Scrub Team.

"Yes, sah, when Ah was at Yale Ah was on the scrub team, sah!"

"What! Did you play football?"

"No, sah; Ah was connected with the Commons laundry, sah!"—Yale Record.

Taking It Literally.

"I see that New York spends $200,000,000 a year for the meat she eats."

"Seems tough, doesn't it?"

"Yes, most of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the foreign born residents of the United States the mortality is greatest in Irish and Germans and least in the Polish.

F. W. CROWLEY,
Fine Tailoring,
ELDRED, PA.
Our facilities are unexcelled
Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE COURT OF CUPID

SOME DEFINITIONS OF LOVE, POETIC AND OTHERWISE.

Differing Tones That Blend Into a Harmonious Matrimonial Chord. Diverse Views as to What Constitutes "The Ideal Woman."

Tennyson says in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. With the young men and women of Vigo county consideration of this interesting theme is not confined to one season. It has the right of way at all times and seasons.

Definitions of love were being discussed when a refined woman said the most comprehensive and beautiful definition she had ever seen was written by Amanda Douglas. Here it is:

"Love comes with truth in her heart and constancy in every pulse to sit down an everlasting guest in the hearts of those who truly welcome her. If there are sorrows and storms, she spreads her wings for an ark of shelter; if toil and care, she lightens them with her blessed smile. No room for regrets or jealousies, for both are true in deed and thought; no coldness, for she stands between them and the frosts of time. Year by year they grow into perfect accord, bringing heaven nearer with every dawn.

"Can such love ever fail?"

A jolly girl present said: "Love is a tickling sensation round the heart that cannot be scratched."

A modest, blushing young lady remarked, "It is something indescribable, must be spontaneous, cannot be bought or coaxed into being and when it grows cold cannot be warmed." Still we hear people constantly saying, "I learned to love him."

There is no subject upon which a man or woman, young or middle aged, provided they are not married, will become so animated as "my ideal woman" and "my ideal man."

Usually the tall men and women admire those of medium or diminutive stature; the fat, the lean; the blond, the brunette; the jolly, the sedate. The union of two people with different characteristics, provided they agree on the fundamentals, makes a harmonious whole, the one furnishing the needed complement of the other.

The lawyer prefers the woman averse to arguing. He gets his sufficiency of close reasoning in the courtroom. The garrulous man seeks a good listener. The conceited one admires the modest woman who enjoys burning incense before his altar. The man of few words picks out the woman of bright conversational powers.

It is difficult to surmise from a man's general attributes what is his ideal woman.

I asked a Terre Haute gentleman who has been much in public life and has been thrown with many brilliant women what was his ideal woman. I was surprised to hear him say emphatically not a conversational woman or one who goes about delivering speeches and lectures upon a public rostrum. "My ideal woman is one who can hold her own in conversation with other women and men of brains in the parlor, who is self reliant, yet looks to a man and depends upon him; not too good to drink a glass of wine, to tell a good story if the occasion warrants it, yet she must not be carried off her feet. She must be able to work both physically and mentally and be ashamed to follow in the wake of idle women."

A society young man not given to explicit statements has confided this much about his ideal woman. She must be good looking. Perish the thought of sitting opposite an ugly woman at the table one thousand and ninety-five times in a year. His ideal woman must not be bold, still not afraid of athletic sports; must be a good golf and tennis player, ride a horse with confidence, fire a gun, row with a steady stroke. "A superb looking, well proportioned woman in the saddle is a sight for the gods." Anything but a namby pamby woman, one afraid of her shadow, for this young fellow.

There is a proverb that runs thus: "Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end." At least one Terre Haute gentleman thinks this is an absurd statement. In fact, the ability to whistle well he regards as an essential in his ideal woman. And she must have rich, glossy hair, luminous dark eyes, shapely hands and finger nails, dainty feet, be jolly and companionable, a person to cheer a fellow up when worried and worn out with business. No bookworm or woman's suffrage advocate can be classed as his ideal. A lover of music, not the ultra classic, is an essential for this gentleman's ideal woman.

A bold, dashing youth holds as his ideal a womanly woman, even to timidity, but morally brave, one who will regard him as her oak and clasp her soft tendrils about him for support. This dependence, he avers, will keep him at his best and his ideal refined, sweet, noble, human.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

His Apology.

"You mustn't eat with your knife," said the city relative reprovingly.

"Excuse me," answered Farmer Corntossel penitently. "I thought they was regular knives. I didn't know they was only imitation, same as the pillowshams."—Washington Star.

She Did.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Nothing can be truly great which is not right.—Johnson.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lev. G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Isaac B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Jasper W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles K. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—F. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. J. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broadet.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president, Mrs. J. Colegrove, secretary, W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary, W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—R. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p.m. at Masonic Hall, Main Street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FURCHRON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. FITTEL, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Packard block, at 7:30 p.m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p.m. in the M. E. Church.
MRS. WILLIE L. BOYER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a.m. Preaching at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 11:45 a.m. Junior League at 4 p.m. Epworth League at 6:30 p.m. Preaching at 7:30 p.m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Additional service at 8 a.m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p.m., Sunday School 3:30 p.m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a.m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. Service at 11:30 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a.m., and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p.m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p.m.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a.m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p.m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p.m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a.m.
Train 1-6, week days..........7:07 p.m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a.m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p.m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a.m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p.m., New York 9:30 p.m., Baltimore 6:00 p.m., Washington 7:15 p.m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p.m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p.m., Baltimore 7:30 p.m., Washington 8:35 p.m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p.m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a.m., New York 8:30 a.m., Baltimore 7:10 a.m., Washington 8:05 a.m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a.m.

10:30 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a.m., New York 10:23 a.m., week days; 10:38 a.m. Sundays; Baltimore 7:15 a.m., Washington 8:30 a.m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a.m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a.m., New York 9:33 a.m., week days, 10:38 a.m. Sundays. Baltimore 7:15 a.m., Washington 8:30 a.m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a.m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a.m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p.m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 40	Ridgway	12 01
9 55	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 11	Glen Hazel	11 28
10 20	Straight	11 20
10 25	Instanter	11 16
10 31	Smith's Run	11 10
10 38	Woodvale	11 04
10 45	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a.m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:20 p.m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p.m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p.m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan. 9, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:10 a.m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

4:40 p.m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia and [illegible] points.

Trains arrive at Smethport at [illegible] a.m., 3:49 p.m. and [illegible] p.m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. [illegible], [illegible], Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule
Effective June 25, 1902.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8.00	12.00	
5.21	1.30	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.30	11.30	4.26
5.29	2.05	8.37	Marvindale	7.20	11.20	4.19
5.32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.2[illegible]	11.2[illegible]	4.15
5.37	2.17	8.47	[illegible]	7.18	11.18	4.08
				7.10 p.m.		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport			
6.18	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]	3.28
6.2[illegible]	2.49	9.34	Coryville	6.36	10.51	3.21
6.31	2.55	9.40	Larabee	6.30	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward Read down			STATIONS & Sidings	Northward Read up	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.00	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.28	8.17
8.17	12.06		Wildwood	6.49	8.06
8.22	12.15		North Fork	5.38	7.48
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.41
	AM				PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.30	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2.52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Prinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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A BAD MEMORY FOR FACES.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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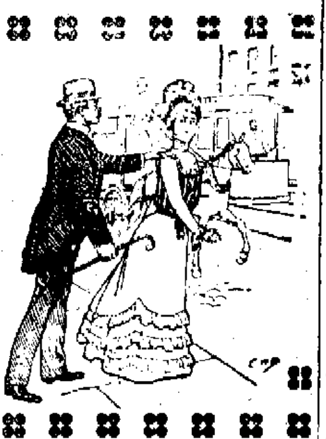


MR. CARLETON GAINES has a very bad memory for faces. His friends complain that he passes them upon the street without recognition, and, on the other hand, in attempting to avoid this error, he has sometimes accosted strangers in circumstances that were extremely embarrassing.

The young man has a cousin, Miss Jane Hedenway, a tall, graceful girl, with a profusion of dark hair and pretty brown eyes, which, however, one is obliged to view veiled by eyeglasses, for Jane is somewhat nearsighted. She lives in Trenton, but often goes to New York shopping or visiting her many friends in that city. Thus it would not be surprising to meet her any day in the shopping district of New York.

One may meet a great many pretty women in that region, and it is said that certain feeble minded creatures go there for that purpose. Surely a man must be daft who would do it, for the shopping woman is too completely under the domination of "the fixed idea" to be of interest to any but a student of hypnotism. She rushes along the sidewalks in a state of trance, and the luckless man who gets in her way will thereafter view the red devouring trolley car with gentle[illegible].

Gaines was in the shopping district strictly on business one afternoon near the intersection of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue [illegible] that he saw [illegible] She was proceeding [illegible] less fixity of purpose [illegible] the shopper [illegible] laid a timidly restraining [illegible] arm, for [illegible] about to [illegible] and collide [illegible]

"Don't run over the poor cart horse, little girl," said Gaines, [illegible] bles of his own.

She uttered a nervous cry and started away, but he fancied that she was only startled.

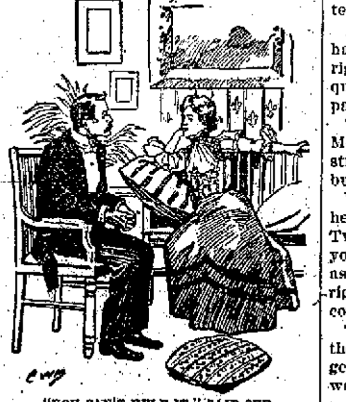
"Pass over those bundles to me, youngster," said he, "and we'll navigate the crossing together."

At this moment he caught the first fair glimpse at her face. Where were the eyeglasses that always perched upon Cousin Jane's nose? Where were the baby dimples and the smile of seraphic good will? This lady was a very haughty person. She froze him with the disdain which seemed to surround her like an atmosphere. With her face averted, as if the sight of him would be too painful, she waved her left hand as one who cries "Avaunt!"

The next moment, with head in air, she swept across the avenue in front of a moving car and so close to the fender that even the hardened motorman turned pale.

How Gaines got away from the spot he never knew, but it is his opinion that he crawled down through the trolley slot, for surely he felt small enough to have done so. Of course he was entirely innocent, but a clear conscience is a poor consoler at such times. The central fact in nature was that one pretty girl must forever think of him as the lowest form of anthropoid, the "masher."

Gaines had the misfortune to possess that fatal gift of beauty which you read about in old fashioned novels. He was one of those conspicuously handsome men who always get the discredit of being vain of their looks, though they may prove by every act of their lives that they are more modest than the lowly violet.



"YOU CAN'T HELP IT," SAID SHE.

Gaines was aware that if he had been insignificant and ugly the lady in question might have paused to hear an explanation, but that did not console him. He took the incident very much to heart and indeed felt so bad about it that he could hardly bring himself to attend a social "function" to which he was bidden for that evening. It really did not seem to him that a man so disgraced as he was fit to go into society. Still he eventually mustered up the courage.

There were a good many people in the big drawing room at the Bingham house, Washington square north, when Gaines made his appearance, somewhat late. Presently he found himself in a corner with Jessie Bingham and became aware that she had something of great importance to communicate.

"Natalie Clair is here," said she, with the air of a small boy announcing that the circus has come to town.

Miss Clair was a young woman whom Gaines had 50 times narrowly missed meeting. Two years ago, when the Clairs were about to come to New York to live, Gaines had heard so much about Natalie that he had begun to dislike her. Many girls in his social set knew her, and they all declared that he and she were "made for each other." The basis of that view, so far as he could discover, was that she was tall and dark, while he was tall and light, and that both of them had the reputation of being very cold, reserved and hard to approach in friendship or flirtation.

As a rule he did not like girls who were cold and reserved. Suffering from a chronic embarrassment himself, he found it hard enough to get along with girls who were jolly, talkative and open hearted. Moreover, to be slated as a girl's admirer before a fellow has met her is enough to kill all chance of liking her. Gaines was glad when Natalie went abroad with her mother instead of coming to New York. Within two weeks he had heard that she was home again. And now it seemed he must meet her.

"There she is," whispered Jessie Bingham. "Isn't she perfectly lovely?"

Gaines glanced across the room and [illegible] the woman. He had always regarded himself as [illegible] ly unlucky, [illegible] that Natalie Clair, of all people in the world, should prove to be the heroine of the Twenty-third street adventure struck [illegible] little the worst blow in even his experience.

"Of course I should be greatly pleased to meet her," said he, and his voice sounded in his own ears as if it were being ground out of a phonograph. "But there's no hurry. Any time will do."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Jessie. "Of course you want to meet her this minute. And they're bringing her right over here!"

Gaines perceived that Jessie spoke truly. A half dozen young people with the most obvious intentions were gently steering Miss Clair in his direction. She, however, seemed to be wholly unaware of their purpose until she was within six feet of him. Then she started as prettily as a frightened deer.

Gaines looked anxiously into her face, and when he saw that he was recognized he felt as one upon whose shoulder the hand of the sheriff is laid.

It was all over in a moment. Early in his life Gaines had been introduced to a Boston east wind, and once, when a boy, he had been locked in an icehouse as a joke, but Miss Clair gave him a new sensation. No one else appeared to notice the chill, though it seemed to him that all New York must be shivering.

He dared not say anything to the point among so many people, and so he mumbled the ordinary nonsense while waiting for a chance to escape. That was not to be, however. He saw Miss Bingham going one way and Miss Somebody Else going another way, and there was no way at all for him. He simply got left in the corner with Natalie Clair, and if it had been done on purpose it couldn't have been done better.

A man of tact and assurance would have found no difficulty in saying the right thing, but Gaines lacked those qualities, and his faculties were in a panic.

"The situation is somewhat difficult, Miss Clair," he said. "You must be strongly prejudiced against me, but—but"—

What utter nonsense! Why couldn't he say straight out, "I saw you on Twenty-third street today and mistook you for my cousin?" He knew as well as anybody could that that was the right thing to say. But the words didn't come to him.

"You can't help it," said she; "neither of us can help it now. Let us forget everything that happened before we met tonight."

And then she looked around with a frightened eye for somebody to come and take her away.

Gaines felt as if the black cap had been drawn over his face. He had had his chance to speak, and it had passed. Evidently Miss Clair, knowing the circle in which he moved, had decided to tolerate him, perhaps even to be silent about what she believed to be his black disgrace.

If Jane were only there, he could have pointed to the resemblance and have told his story with a good grace. He had heard that she was expected later in the evening. He would reserve his defense till then.

Somehow he escaped from Miss Clare, and immediately, to fortify his soul, he mentioned to a number of persons that, in his opinion, Miss Clair strongly resembled his Cousin Jane. The first two or three had never noticed it. Gaines began to be alarmed. He ran [illegible] present [illegible] of that [illegible] depended [illegible] that Jane's coming would only heighten the improbability of his tale already weakened by delay.

Many of the people whom he questioned spoke of a strong resemblance between Miss Clair and Olive Trask, a young lady whom Gaines had met several years before. Would it be possible to substitute her in this story? His acquaintance was just sufficient to warrant him in addressing her. He couldn't call her "little girl," but probably the fact that he had used those words would not come out in the explanation.

A sudden resolution seized him. He would take the risk. Fearing that his courage would ooze away if he hesitated, he sought Miss Clair at once. As luck would have it, he found her with Jessie Bingham and Olive Trask. To his great delight, Miss Trask greeted him very cordially. His courage mounted higher.

"Miss Clair," said he boldly, "I think there'll never be a better time than this to set myself right for the unfortunate mistake I made this afternoon. When I spoke to you on Twenty-third street, I mistook you for Miss Trask, whom I have known some years. It was very embarrassing, of course, but you kindly promised to forget it. I think, however, that a full explanation"—

"I promised to forget it!" exclaimed Miss Clair. "Why, nothing of the sort ever happened. I never saw you before tonight, and when I spoke of forgetting I referred to all the silly things that our friends have said about us. As to the incident on Twenty-third street, I fear you will have to take your apology to the young lady whom you actually accosted, if you can find her."

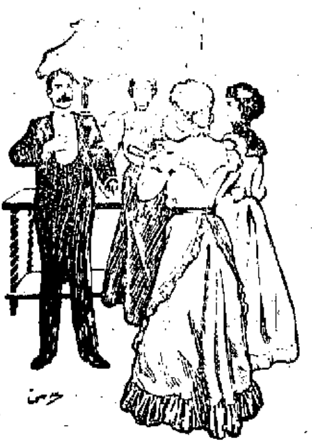
There was a moment of awful silence, and then Miss Trask came to the rescue, [illegible] somewhat indiscreetly.

"W[illegible] forgett[illegible] it was I" [illegible] not knowing how [illegible]

[illegible]

At th[illegible] should [illegible] was [illegible] awkward situation.

[illegible] "I am so[illegible]



"JANE," CRIED GAINES, "YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!"

hardly the word for me tonight, for I've lost my eyeglasses, and you know I'm half blind without them."

"How did you lose them?" asked Gaines, rejoiced to say something that was safe.

"Why," said Jane, "I was coming out of a store on Twenty-third street this afternoon. There was a dreadful crowd, and a brute of a man brushed against me and caught the chain of the glasses on a button of his coat. The chain broke, the glasses fell, and the brute stepped on them. And would you believe what the creature did?" He asked me to go to an oculist's with him and let him buy me a new pair. I fled, but the fellow followed me all the way to Sixth avenue. I could see him out of the back of my head, it seemed. And just as I was about to cross he spoke to me again. He said"—

"Jane," cried Gaines, "you have saved my life! The man who had been following you was not the one who spoke to you. It was I."

"You!" she exclaimed. "Can this be possible? Of course I didn't look at him, but his voice"—

"What did he say?" demanded Gaines.

"'Don't run over the poor cart horse, little girl.' Little girl! Fancy it!"

"And you thought it was I, Mr. Gaines," said Miss Trask icily. "Well, upon my word!"

"No, I didn't," said Gaines, with deep humility. "I thought it was Cousin Jane at the time, and later I thought it must have been Miss Clair. But everybody said they didn't look a bit alike, whereas you and Miss Clair—you know—I—I—thought you wouldn't mind"—

The sentence ended in something so like a sob that all the girls laughed. And then they agreed that he had reestablished his reputation, for he was proved to have been guilty of only a little white lie, which in society entails no penalty.

And they also agreed to keep the story secret, but it would have puzzled you an hour later to have found any one in the house who had not heard it.

One or the Other.

"A married woman ought to feel younger and happier after 50 than before."

"Yes; she has either got the upper hand of her husband by that time or has quit trying to get it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Vague.

"I've been [illegible] of it ever since [illegible]," said the [illegible] she was worrying at all. You see, some [illegible] traveling about the country as I am, I was taking a good many chances; so I decided to take out an accident insurance policy.

"'My dear,' said I to my wife after I had acted upon the thought, 'I have done something today that I should have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident insurance policy on my life. If I am killed, the company pays $5,000. If I am injured, then I get $25 a week.'

"'For how long?' she asked.

"'As long as I am laid up.'

"'But it might be only a week.'

"'Yes.'

"'And you would only be entitled to $25?'

"'That is all.'

"'And if you get killed you get $5,000?'

"'You would,' I answered patiently.

"Well, the next morning when I started on my trip she threw her arms around me and cried:

"'Now, John, for heaven's sake whatever you do don't get injured!'"—Detroit Free Press.

An Artist's Training.

Rosa Bonheur used to say that her youth was one of great poverty; then she would add some droll stories about the family method of regulating its finances. The studio was a collection of odds and ends, and M. Bonheur knew how to turn that disorder to account.

When he received money for his work, he would take a handful of coin and throw it at random about the room. Then in times of stress, when there was apparently not a farthing left in the house, the entire family would set to work searching [illegible] and corners. Sometimes they would find a five franc piece, and that warded off starvation.

To perfect herself in her study of animals young Rosa spent [illegible] ter house. [illegible] Once [illegible] for her, cut good M. Bon[illegible] strength [illegible] beyond her would have to [illegible] with him. Then she was able to work undisturbed.

Baccarat.

Baccarat is a very simple game. The dealer and each side of the table have two or three cards. The object is to get as near nine as possible, and tens and court cards do not count. If the two first cards don't do not together amount to five, the player asks for another. If above five, he does not. The sole question in doubt is whether a player whose two cards together make five ought to draw a third card or not. Because of this doubt it has been ruled by French courts that baccarat is not a game of chance, and yet it is a mathematical certainty that either the chances of bettering the hand are improved by drawing a third card or diminished. Considering, therefore, the large sums that are risked at this game, it is somewhat curious that no one has ever taken the trouble to work out the probabilities.

A Narrow Escape.

An actor named Suett having offended another actor, the aggrieved party was determined on revenge and therefore waited at the theater door to punish him.

The night was extremely wet and dark, and as the actors passed, most of whom were muffled in their cloaks, the enraged man was obliged to inquire of each of them lest he should cudgel the wrong one.

At length Suett arrived.

Rushing in, wrapped in his cloak and drenched with rain, he was addressed with the usual query:

"Are you Suett?"

"No," replied he; "I'm dripping," and so passed safely into the theater.

A Great Wheel.

Laxey, in the Isle of Man, is the headquarters of the lead mines of the island, more than half the ore being obtained there. It is celebrated also for its great wheel, which was erected in 1854. Its diameter is seventy-two feet, and so splendidly is it set that there is no oscillation, and it has been going practically ever since its erection.

Quicker Than Thought.

A little boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said he knew better than that; whistling was quicker than thought.

Being asked to explain, he said:

"In school the other day I whistled before I thought and got a licking for it."—Evangelist.

He Could Afford It.

"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"

He looked at her sharply.

"Have you ordered it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

Immortality.

Humanity and immortality consist neither in reason nor in love; not in the body nor in the animation of the heart of it nor in the thoughts and stirrings of the brain of it, but in the dedication of them all to him who will raise them up at the last day.—John Ruskin.

Mean Bertie!

Bertie—Are you dining anywhere on Thursday?

Appleby (eagerly)—Thursday? No.

Bertie—How hungry you'll be on Friday!—Exchange.

The prismatic color of shells, scales of fish, wings of insects and feathers of birds depend upon the interference of light in the thin plates that compose the integuments.

HIS ONE HIT

By RICHARD KANN

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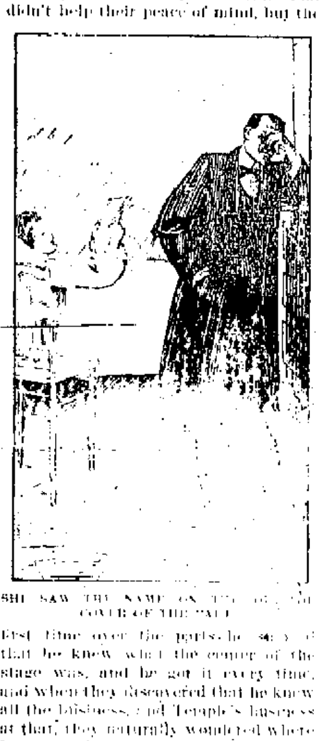
Hampton had been sitting there in a perspiration half an hour then. He had come in before 7 o'clock, taken half an hour for his makeup and had thirty minutes to put in on his part before his dressing room mate arrived. Of course every one knew he never would get off the text. Hadn't they heard him at the afternoon rehearsal, when he made every one of them ask who he was because he was letter perfect, and they knew he hadn't been given the part until that morning?

Temple had been taken suddenly ill and wired that he couldn't go on that night. When you know his part was thirty-two sides and he had no understudy, you may imagine how the other principals felt when the stage manager introduced old Hampton and explained that he would play Temple's part in the evening.

Hampton had a queer stride that didn't help their peace of mind, but the first time over the parts he s[illegible] that he knew what the center of the stage was, and he got it every time, and when they discovered that he knew all the business, and Temple's business at that, they naturally wondered where Buscoe had found him.



SHE SAW THE NAME ON THE OUTSIDE COVER OF THE PART.

But Buscoe was not a talkative stage manager. He sat at the prompt table and held the book, but he had nothing to say to Hampton. He had evidently said it before he called the first act.

None in the company knew him. A man with a sick wife on his hands and five years of one night stands on the road as his latest record usually isn't on intimate terms with a picked cast for a big metropolitan revival. But Buscoe knew him. Buscoe and Hampton had done one nights together more than five years ago, and Buscoe knew that Hampton's one ambition was to play Temple's part, just as well as Hampton knew that Buscoe's hope was a trip to London to stage some big production or other. Naturally enough, when Temple wired that he couldn't go on that night, Buscoe had telephoned to the agencies, located Hampton and two hours afterward handed him Temple's part.

Hampton took the part home and laid it on Jennie's bed. Then he cried. Jennie had been crying a good deal anyway, because she felt herself slipping away from the world. She saw the name on the outside cover of the part. She knew that the biggest revival of the season was being played and that Temple had made the hit of his career by simply reading that thirty-two pages of manuscript. She had never ceased to be sure that if Dick ever had a chance he would do the same thing. It meant a good deal to a sick woman who hadn't much longer to wait for him to get the part.

And it meant a good deal to him, too, since he had rehearsed it with her times innumerable in the certain hope that some day he would be given a chance to play it. Five years of one nights didn't seem long just then. Tomorrow, after he had made his one hit, it would be almost a joke. After they had finished crying Dick kissed her, and they both laughed, Dick with a laugh he had used for two seasons in "The Red Scarf."

Then he propped her up in the bed, handed to her the manuscript and asked for the first cue. So the rehearsal that Hampton had that afternoon at the theater wasn't by any means the first one.

* * * * * * * *

Hampton was fairly startled when the overture began. It may have been because on the one nights he was accustomed to two violins and a piano or maybe only to a piano. Then he pulled himself together, and when the boy called "places" he stood in the side entrance as cool as the prompter and waited for the drop to go on. The next minute he heard his cue. Well, what happened after that no one has ever tried to explain. No one in the company ever thought enough about it to think an explanation necessary, and of course Hampton couldn't explain it if he tried.

The one big scene that Temple had at the end of the third act fell flat played by Hampton. It went over the audience's head or was thrown too directly into their teeth. Anyway when Hampton made his exit there was no applause except from the back of the house, and Hampton had to [illegible] the [illegible] used to say that a [illegible] get a round on his first speech [illegible] Hampton, after ten years of work [illegible] the ushers.

Every one in the company was sure he was pleased since he got through it without spoiling the scene, since he had had but one rehearsal. And Buscoe was not to be found, for the first time in his life, when the drop went up on the fourth act.

Hampton wasn't on in the fourth, but he took such a time to get into his street clothes that he wasn't ready to leave until the others were, and he went out with his hat in his hand. Grasping the cold iron rail, he guided himself to the blaze of electric lights that marked the lobby entrance and seemed to be spelling out the name up on it. That was the last time the company saw him.

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Bowler, from whom Hampton rented his little flat, and if it hadn't been that flats are built with thin walls, the company would have altogether forgotten about Hampton. But Mrs. Bowler knew Buscoe, and she came down the next afternoon with a message. Mrs. Jennie Hampton was dead.

Mrs. Bowler had heard Hampton come in about half past 11 the night before. She had heard the doctor, who was still there, tell him something. Then it became so quiet that she fell asleep, although she had intended to [illegible] awake and offer what help she could if anything happened. She didn't awaken until the sun crept through the window in the morning. Still it was quiet in the next room.

Then, she said, Hampton began to speak. Mrs. Bowler couldn't repeat what he said, but she knew that he was explaining about the play the night before, how, at the end of the third act, the audience [illegible] for him; how [illegible] the curtain [illegible] how he [illegible] the footlights and finally how he had come out in front of the curtain and bowed to them [illegible] Mrs. Bowler knew [illegible] the theater [illegible] what curtain calls were, and if Hampton was telling the truth that he had six, while the most that Temple ever had was four. In fact, Mrs. Bowler became so excited that she actually went into the room to congratulate Hampton upon his success.

When she opened the door, she saw Jennie smiling feebly and Hampton at the foot of the bed, animated, earnest, convincing, happy. And Jennie was listening. She was still smiling, Mrs. Bowler said, when she fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes. Hampton shivered and stopped his story.

So Mrs. Bowler came down for Hampton to tell Buscoe that Jennie was dead and to bring one other message, which no one but Buscoe seemed to understand. As she told it, it was like this: "Tell Buscoe that I've made my one hit."

Early American Sculptors.

It is worthy of special notice that when Rush began to model in clay not one of the artists who have given celebrity to our native sculpture had seen the light of day. Frazer was not born until 1790 nor Ezekiel Auger of New Haven until 1791. The latter was originally in the grocery trade, but, failing in that, took up modeling and wood carving without any guide except his natural instincts; but, like the majority of our early sculptors, with the exception of Rush, his efforts are interesting only as evidence of what talent entirely unobstructed can accomplish.

It was not until 1805, long after Copley, West, Malbone, Allston and Stuart had demonstrated our capacity for pictorial art, that Hiram Powers was born. The same year Horatio Greenough first saw the light of day. In the remote wilds of Kentucky Hart was brought into this world in 1810, and Clevenger, Crawford and Mills followed in 1812, 1813 and 1815. Thus we see that without hereditary genius or predecessors from whom to copy Rush achieved his artistic results and succeeded in winning for himself a European renown which made him the equal of some of the leading foreign carvers and sculptors of his age and at the same time well earned the title of "father of American sculpture."

Nature Took a Hand.

Dion Boucicault, playwright and actor, was once playing a piece called "The Vampire" at a London theater. The opening scene represented the highest regions of the Alps by moonlight. A thunderstorm raged in the distance, the thunder, of course, being produced in the usual manner by the property man with a "thunder sheet."

The vampire, Mr. Boucicault, was seen lying on the highest mountain peak, dead to all appearance, but as a ray of the moon touched his body he came to life.

One night after the moon had brought him to life and when he was in the middle of his first speech Mr. Boucicault was suddenly interrupted by a tremendous clap of thunder. Lowering his voice so that it could be heard only by the property man, he said indignantly:

"Very well, Mr. Davids, you are making more mistakes. That clap of thunder came in the wrong place."

In stentorian tones, which could be heard all over the auditorium, Mr. Davids replied:

"No fault of mine, sir. It wasn't my thunder. Thunder's real, out of doors. Perhaps you can stop it there, sir."

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

CHARM OF THE ORANGE.

The Evolution of the Universal Fruit of Commerce.

[illegible] came to India, [illegible] by America and fell under the improving touch of the Anglo-Saxon. Bringing together the incomparable Jaffa, as a seedling, from Palestine, the Melitensis from Malta and others, he budded and grafted in Florida until the fruit was brought, through blending and selection, to the highest pitch of perfection, as it seemed.

But, strangely enough, there came out of the province of Bahia, Brazil, still another seedling, one of those consummate blossoms of perfection through centuries of waiting on nature by the Latin which the American accomplishes by cross pollination in five years, the Bahia or navel orange. It had reached the acme of quality not only in flavor, but in its attribute of seedlessness.

Now, is not that a proper food for the ultimate man—a fruit which has no progeny, no future, no possible function except as a minister to him? The orange has been called the universal fruit of commerce, and so it is, for its aroma carries it unharmed, the acrid juices of its peel protect it against insects, its toughness endures long transportation, and everywhere on earth men eagerly seek its subtle charm and its exquisite nectar.

The orange is not strictly a food, but it is greater. It is the connecting link to a higher status, the guarantee and preserver of health and of intellect. The gross gormandizing on meats, the curse of drink, burning the brain, hardening its delicate convolutions—these are the fountains of ills innumerable, the pangs of gout, the sudden and black terror of apoplexy. But this gentle and benign pharmacopoeia of nature, these fruits with their wonderful blending of corrective acids and cordials, are the ready medicament of the ultimate man. As we advance in horticulture and develop other seedless and perfect fruits we shall approach the perfect regimen of a higher humanity.—Florida Times-Union.

Look For the Beautiful.

There [illegible] that go through life attracting sunshine from all [illegible] sees but darkness, [illegible] proportion [illegible] forbidding [illegible] clasping [illegible] less beautiful [illegible] lost and degraded [illegible].

Yet it is the heritage possible to all who will take the trouble to begin early in life to cultivate the finer qualities of the soul, the eye and the heart.

It is said that the most disgusting object, if put under a magnifying glass of sufficient power, would reveal beauties undreamed of. So even in the most unlovely environments, in the most cruel conditions there is something of the beautiful and the hopeful when viewed through the glass of a trained and disciplined mind.

A beautiful character will make poetry out of the prosiest life, bring sunshine into the darkest home and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

It is not circumstances so much as the attitude and quality of the mind that give happiness, contentment and divinity of service.—Success.

Agreed to Disagree.

Dandy and Laddie, collie dogs, were brothers and much attached to each other. They were owned by brothers, too, farmers in New Hampshire. Laddie's master lived at the old homestead, says a contributor to the Unique Monthly. Dandy's master conducted the next farm, and the two men pastured their stock in common.

Each dog visited the other frequently, till one day while Laddie, Dandy's guest, was gnawing a bone, a pet kitten belonging to Dandy's family came too near, and Laddie snapped at her. In an instant Dandy flew at his throat, and they were only separated after a severe fight.

Neither dog ever crossed the boundary line between the two farms after that.

Laddie drove his flock of sheep daily down the lane till he reached the dividing wall, where Dandy solemnly took charge and drove them to pasture. At night Dandy brought back the sheep, and Laddie would be waiting for his share of the flock every time.

Never once did they take the slightest notice of each other or cross the line after the fight.

George I. and the Stage.

George I. was a lover of the stage and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "servants" to play before him at court. In 1718 his majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton Court to be converted for the time into a theater. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Among the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love For Money," "Volpone" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Among the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton Court, King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and traveling expenses, gave £350 and added £200 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.

Forestalled.

May—What's the matter, dear?

Clara—My engagement with Charley is broken.

May—But I thought you intended to break it?

Clara—So I did, but the wretch went and broke it himself.

It doesn't cost a cent to be a gentleman, but it may cost you your life to be a fool.—Atchison Globe.

NO SPORT IN IT.

How Vancouver Indians Secure Venison From Their Deer[illegible].

A N[illegible] writer in [illegible] recently [illegible] of [illegible] away in pursuit of [illegible] of the [illegible] the Indians of British Columbia in taking deer. They have evolved a system, this historian says, that shows practical skill and sympathy and knowledge of natural conditions. He says:

"The Indians, to begin with, do not hunt deer for the pleasure of hunting. They go for deer as a housekeeper goes to market for beef, and, what's more—in British Columbia, at any rate—they don't go often. Salmon is plentiful in the rivers and is easily caught, so why chase animals when they can secure fish? It is something as it is in Newfoundland, where I went a couple of seasons ago. There the prevailing fish, as you might say, is cod, and, though there is no end to the variety of edible fish that can be taken, the natives never think of eating anything else. Cod is plentiful, and they form the habit, I suppose. This is so ingrained that they call codfish 'fish' simply. The genus is divided into cod and the rest of fish.

"Well, when the British Columbia Indian makes up his mind for venison, he goes at it systematically and without sentiment. A group of half a dozen or ten men split and take either end of a valley. Then they proceed along the mountain slope from the two ends to the center. They choose the sheltered side of the valley on which the deer seek to escape the wind. Each party covers the mountain side, some near the foot and some at the top and others between the lines, keeping abreast by an imitated owl hoot. The deer, on 'winding' pursuit, have the trick of leaping away down the slope, unlike the goats, which go up, and thus between the two approaching parties they are swept together at the middle of the valley. A good sized herd will thus be killed off and the Indians supplied for many weeks by two or three days' exertion."—New York Tribune.

HE WOULDN'T BE SNUBBED

Colonel Ochiltree Bided His Time and Carried Off the Honors.

General Grant was a great admirer of Colonel Thomas Ochiltree and made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. As a result they once planned an incident whereby they would humiliate Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America, and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him.

Ochiltree bided his time, as he was never known to complain, and did not go to the ship to welcome General Grant. He took a vantage point in the crowd that filled the streets in front of the Tremont House. He was behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel steps to the curb. The reception committee, or part of it, was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the general the gladsome hand.

Ochiltree watched until the general and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage, and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, marched proudly through the rank and file of the leading citizens into the hotel. The mob outside demanded a speech from the general, and, constituting himself a committee of one, Colonel Ochiltree appeared with him in the hotel balcony and introduced Grant as one of his best, truest and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galveston tried to snub him at a social function.

It Made History.

Such a slight circumstance as a glass of wine changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, king of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage, he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20,000,000 and sent the whole family into exile.

Adam and the Tailor.

"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam."

Historic spot! With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

Medicine For Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."—Philadelphia Press.

Juvenile Logic.

Mother—To think that my little Ethel should have spoken so impatiently to papa today at dinner! She never hears me talk in that way to him.

Ethel (stoutly)—Well, but you choosed him, and I didn't.

Ambiguous.

"Dear Father—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Mollie."

Conservative.

She—Why don't you go out occasionally, dearest, and enjoy yourself, say at the club?

He—But I don't want to get into the habit of having a good time.—Life.

THE COOKBOOK.

Dip [illegible] before [illegible].

The [illegible] fat [illegible] chicken, game, [illegible] and [illegible].

A ham is greatly improved if after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour.

In making sauces always dissolve the butter in the saucepan, add the flour first and after that the water or stock.

A mingling of clove and lemon flavors in the afternoon tea is delightful. Drop a whole clove in each cup just before serving.

In taking a pie with a meringue from the oven, if it is left in the warm kitchen the meringue will remain fluffy, but if taken into the cold it falls.

If turnips are parboiled twenty minutes in water to which a little baking soda has been added and then this water is thrown off and fresh water used to finish cooking, they will cook more tender and be of much better flavor.

Terne.

It is truly surprising what erroneous ideas are entertained by the general public concerning the true meaning of many terms in general use. A striking example of this is the word "terne" as applied to tin plate. Usually it is understood that this word is derived from the French one, meaning "dull." This is totally incorrect. Terne plate is a sheet or plate of iron and steel covered with an alloy of tin and lead in the proportion of two-thirds lead and one-third tin. It is this union of the three metals, iron, lead and tin, that gave rise to the word terne plate, terne being an equivalent to the English terne, meaning "threefold." The origin of the erroneous definition of this term was the fact that because of the large percentage of lead used in coating terne plates it is duller in hue than the ordinary tin plate, which is frequently designated "bright plate" in contradistinction to the former.

The Fire God's Wrath.

A curious story comes to us from the suburbs. A resident in the neighborhood of London has a museum in his house in which the principal curiosity is a fire god which has been worshiped for many centuries in an Indian temple. [illegible] a party of people to [illegible] that all [illegible] at the [illegible] without comment.—London [illegible].

Transportation Facilities.

[illegible] Saphir, a journalist and one of the wittiest men of the Jewish [illegible] once criticized King Ludwig's verses so sharply that he was ordered, says Household Words, to quit Munich within twenty-four hours.

The court chamberlain waited upon the journalist with the king's command and, having delivered it, considerately asked:

"Do you think that you can get away in that time?"

"Yes, I think so," Saphir said, "but if my own legs can't take me quick enough I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his majesty's last volume of verse."

The Japanese Stable.

We can learn from the Japanese a thing or two about stabling horses. In Japan horses are backed into their stalls; then a door is closed at the head, which has a grain and hayrack conveniently constructed, to which the nag is secured. When needed, the door is swung back and the horse led forth. No one gets kicked, no refuse matter is visible to the visitor, and it seems to be a sensible way to construct a place for any horse.

Healthful.

Miss Jellus—Your bedroom must be a very healthy place, dear.

Miss Prettiface—What makes you think so?

"Because I have noticed that when you are downstairs sometimes you are dreadfully pale, but if you go up into your bedroom for a short time you come down with a beautiful color."

Correspondence

LARABEE.

The party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ganung Thursday evening, in honor of their daughter, Bertha's, 20th birthday was a very pleasant affair and largely attended.

C. T. Wilcox, wife and daughter, Edna, came up from Eldred Thursday and visited over Sunday at C. E. Ganung's.

Mrs. Sadie Morton of Sizerville spent Sunday with her husband, [illegible] B. Morton the genial conductor on the L. and C. branch.

Emmet and James Ganung returned from Allegany N. Y., Friday where they spent the greater part of the week.

Miss Jennie Hans visited in Bolivar, N. Y., during the last of last week and the first of this.

Miss Hazel Windsor of Clermont is a guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Windsor.

Mrs. Cora Connor, and son of Port Allegany were guests at W. E. Windsor's Friday.

Harry Crawford of Belfast N. Y., was a guest at the home of F. C. Crandall last week.

B. G. Bartle of Port Allegany was in town Monday, enroute to the county seat.

Mrs. M. M. Carpenter and daughter, Zeldah, drove to Coryville on Saturday last.

John Hermon of Buffalo N. Y., was calling on friends in town on Monday last.

N. T. Evans is quite ill with neuralgia at his home on upper Main street.

TWO KINDS OF A HERO

By Edward Brodericк

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"You'd scarce expect one of his inches," was the colonel's comment. But the gallant old soldier was ashamed of his words. "By George! It was one of the bravest deeds ever seen on the plains," he affirmed, "and we'll greet him properly with a band and a parade and a ball—the ball of the season. You must see to that, Jeanne."

The colonel's daughter lifted sparkling eyes from the newspaper. "It was glorious," she breathed, "glorious!" She bent over the paper, her cheeks glowing. Over and over she had read the account of Lieutenant Welsoll's gallant charge on the Indian stronghold at Checauba gulch. All the west rang with praises for the lieutenant.

Jeanne McDermont had lived her twenty years a hero worshiper. She loved the colonel not so much because he was her father as because he was her hero. And even the colonel could point to no better day's work than this of little Lieutenant Welsoll's.

"Papa!" she called with a rather timid voice.

The colonel after a moment spoke an encouraging "Well, Jeanne?"

"I"—she began, "I—Lieutenant Welsoll—I never told you. He asked me—to—well, he asked me. It was just before he left, and I was so sorry for it all. I told him 'No.'"

"And now you'd change your mind, you hero hunter, you!" Her hand was pressed over his lips.

The colonel sat and smoked. Like his girl, he was a hero worshiper. Suddenly he remembered something and, after a moment's frowning, spoke:

"Why, Jeanne, there's a little gossip down in town. A broken down violin player, a fellow degraded by drink, came two weeks ago looking for Lieutenant Welsoll. When sober, they say he's a quiet, gentlemanly man, sad and thoughtful; but he's seldom sober. He plays in the saloons and everywhere. When drunk, he has given out that Lieutenant Welsoll is his brother and has told a story that may be true.

"They were, this story runs, a poverty stricken family, these Welsolls, when John, the elder brother, and Harvey were growing up. From his boyhood John, skillful with the bow, was their chief support. It was through his friendship with a congressman that Harvey secured his appointment for West Point. The younger brother was given every chance to work his way up. John played at the smaller theaters and at seaside resorts and at beer gardens. His weakness for drink was fought and overcome by his hopes and pride in his brother and the need of untiring work. Well, Harvey was graduated and came west. But now his brother is a hopeless and disgraceful drunkard. That's the tale."

"What does it matter what his brother is? He is a hero!" broke in Miss McDermont.

"Yes, I know," said the colonel; "but they say what broke down this musician brother's will and heart, they say, was something a bit snobbish—mean, considering the circumstances—on Harvey's part. The cadet was ashamed of the player, they say. Of course it is all gossip and a drunken player's tattle. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you."

"Yes," answered the girl softly; "it does no harm. I won't believe a meanness of the man who took Checauba. That attack couldn't have been made by a—a—a puppy."

* * * * * *

It was the evening of Lieutenant Welsoll's homecoming day. The young warrior had been driven through the streets behind the regiment's band, through ranks of cheering townspeople. Now, in the cool of the evening, he was walking home with Jeanne McDermont from the parade ground.

He smiled up at the tall girl and walked as he always did—eyes noticeably straight ahead. Lieutenant Welsoll never turned aside. The right of way he took, like many short men of pompous mien, as a matter of course. Harvey was not quite pompous, not even tonight when he felt his pride and happiness complete. He knew that he had won more than glory.

He talked gayly of the romance in this frontier town and of how dreary it had seemed at first. "How I wanted an exchange!" he cried, then softly, "And now I want a life tenure."

She flushed and smiled. "Well, the old dust certainly has a wonderful roseate glow." Behind them walked the colonel, silent and thoughtful, and several ladies and officers.

In the main street before the little frame hotel a crowd of town idlers and soldiers were gathered. The strains of violin music came from the center of the group, and there was a hush over the square. For once Lieutenant Welsoll turned aside and crossed the street to avoid the men. Miss McDermont's eyes were intent upon them, but suddenly she glanced up at her companion with something of anxiety and doubt.

Some one on the outskirts of the crowd caught sight of the lieutenant and set up a cheer. There was instant confusion, and the crowd began to break. Jeanne looked and saw a bent little figure standing by the hotel steps. He moved forward now and, assisted by a stout soldier, began to cross the street. He was weak, and she could see his trembling. The violin was hugged closely to his shabby gray coat. His head was uncovered and bald on top, and a [illegible] of yellow curls fell about his [illegible] over his forehead. The girl's [illegible] the large, hungry blue [illegible] fixed on Lieutenant Welsoll. [illegible] saw the man by her side start in [illegible]rise. The musician walked steadily and alone now, and as he came nearer to them he raised [illegible] and drew from [illegible] some [illegible] a bow [illegible].

"Harvey, Harvey, my brother! I knew you would win out, and I never minded waiting, and when they told me about it here I wasn't surprised. I only said, 'The day I've been living on for is near,' and!"

The lieutenant had been detained by the girl's hand upon his arm. He made an impatient gesture, as if to force her on. The little man, seeing, cried out:

"Why, Harvey, I'm John, John—your brother John!" His voice rose to a frightened shriek.

"Come!" snapped Welsoll to Jeanne. "Come, come!"

She whispered in pained amazement, "But your brother, John; your brother—your brother!"

He felt the pain in her voice. His face was crimson. The colonel and the ladies and the officers were close upon them. The man with the violin, weak and dazed, but not drunk now, stood before them, his hands outstretched.

"I never saw this fellow before, Jeanne." The lieutenant spoke loudly. "I have no brother. This is merely a drunken joke. I"—

His voice had risen to a shrill pitch. His face had gone from crimson to white, and she knew that he was lying. She saw the eyes of the fallen and denied brother fill with tears. He turned away.

Jeanne turned on the lieutenant. "You coward!" she cried in ringing tones. "You coward!"

He shrank back before her scorn. She turned to the brother and, putting out both her hands, clasped his hand that held the bow.

"I'm glad to know you, John Welsoll," she said brokenly. "I'm proud to know you, John Welsoll."

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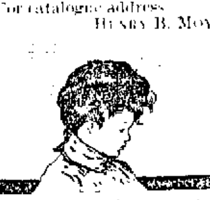

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